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MR. DUVEEN

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MR. DUVEEN

An Allegory by

MRS. NEWTON

Marjorie B.

With an Introduction
by Philip Kerr

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INTRODUCTION

MANKIND has made many advances in recent centuries. He has escaped from bondage to domineering dynasties and racial imperialism and founded his government on democracy. He has conquered the secrets of nature so that the possibility of satisfying in ever expanding degree his animal and physical needs has dazzled his imagination and preoccupied his activities. Through reason, and criticism based on reason, he has destroyed the superstitious elements in older faiths and gained liberty to think about first and last things for himself. But with all his progress man seems to be living in an age when spirituality is fading from the common sight.

The ancient worthies saw clearly that true spirituality was the key to life and joy and human happiness. They saw, too, that spirituality was the outgrowth of morality and that there was no

other way thereto. This generation has been so bombarded with the higher criticism and with reaction from the intolerances of a formalized Puritanism that we have come to love the matchless songs and writings of the Old Testament merely for their literary beauty and the practice of the early Christians and of later Christians like St. Francis, as legendary or the childish exuberance of the simple-minded. Art, in particular, has become obsessed with the physical and sensual, so that the purity of the Primitives or even of the pre-Raphaelites has almost no living meaning for the adults of to-day.

All this modern sophistication has hidden from us the key which opens the door to the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, to that radiant laughter and gratitude and happiness of which the Psalms are full, to the exchange of " beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness " of which Isaiah tells us, to the " life everlasting " of which Jesus so often talked, or to the " new heavens and new earth " of Revelation. Mrs. Newton has recaptured for

us something of the childhood of the earth and has given it to us in this allegory. She sees clearly what the " beauty of holiness " is, and not less clearly what it is not. Her book is full of the " leaves of the tree " which is " the healing of the nations." It has blessed me. I believe that it will bless all men, also women and children " who have eyes to see " what it contains.

PHILIP KERR.

29 St. James's Place, S.W.1.

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MR. DUVEEN

CHAPTER I

IN PRISON

HAD a stranger to the district been leaning over a stile and looking up at Lewes from one of the fields below, that one could only have thought "how peaceful Lewes looks to-day," for the sun was shining brightly on the little town on this mild November Monday morning. But there was no peace for Lewes that day, no matter how brightly the sun shone, for there is a prison there, and on Tuesday Mr. Duveen was to be hanged.

Mr. Duveen was not quite like other people, for, although he had many excellent qualities, they had not weighed as much when put to the test as one very bad quality which he possessed—for he was jealous—and it was this bad quality which was bringing him to the scaffold. But it was not Mr. Duveen's bad quality that was robbing

Lewes of its peace that day, no one so much as gave it a thought. It was his splendid, kind and lovely qualities that brought tears into the eyes of Lewes folk. On all sides one heard this sort of remark: "What a man for horses he was," and again, "He'd none of his own, but he loved children, did Mr. Duveen."

"Ah, and he enjoyed a joke," said another. It was quite evident that he was much loved by everybody; and, let the sun shine ever so brightly, no one would smile in Lewes that day.

Mr. Duveen was about thirty-five. He looked something like a veterinary surgeon, or he might have been a painter. He was clean-shaven and had a long thin face, and his hair was black and thin. He was not bald by any means, but his hair was thin and it was silky, and he wore it with no parting, brushed straight down on his forehead. He was certainly interesting looking. He was not very tall, five feet ten inches, no more, he might even be less. He was sitting in his cell talking to his brother, a man whose qualities all weighed about the same. Mr. Duveen's brother was not the sort of man who would ever be hanged.

Mr. Duveen was saying, "It's not that I mind dying, James; mind you, I'd like to live, but what gets me beaten is this: I say to myself, 'What has made me the son and grandson of the two best veterinary surgeons in the county of Sussex,' and mind you, James, we're not far behind the old 'uns. What gets me beaten is where I went wrong enough to commit a murder, for it's all very well, James, but murder's a big thing for a Sussex veterinary surgeon to commit."

His brother said, "You're right, Henry, it's quite a big thing, is murder."

Mr. Duveen went on to say that he should like to know where and when he'd gone wrong, because it might be a guide for to-morrow when he found himself somewhere else, for he was quite sure he would find himself elsewhere to-morrow.

But his brother had nothing to suggest, so they talked about their horses and about other people's horses, and they became so interested in their conversation that they forgot their surroundings. Mr. Duveen chuckled as he discussed the last run he'd had with the West Sussex. Now, to forget

an execution was a proof that the brothers were both very fond of horses.

However, after a time they remembered the murder, and Mr. Duveen said, "Well, James, you've a long ride before you if you have to go over to Champney's to see the mare, and I think you said you had a call to make at Wyatt's farm, so you had better go now."

His brother said, "You're right, Henry, I've a long ride before me." So he picked up his hat and walked out of the cell, but he had the same look on his face that all Duveens had on their faces when they walked out of the loose box of a horse they knew they couldn't save.

Mr. Duveen sat on his bed thinking. His face was very pale, and his hair looked as black as ink. He looked more like an actor about to play a great part than anything else.

Presently he began to pray aloud. To pray was not new to him; all the Duveens prayed. He did not pray God to let him off his punishment, such a thing never entered his head, but he prayed to be shown just how the quality which was leading him to the scaffold had budded, grown

up, and blossomed into murder, trampling down and outweighing all the fine Duveen and Tomsett qualities (Mr. Duveen's mother had been a Tomsett). He prayed very earnestly and very humbly, then he undressed, got into bed, and went to sleep.

CHAPTER II

A DREAM

MR. Duveen was sleeping fairly peacefully while his prayer was being answered in a dream. He had never doubted for an instant that it would be answered, but the look of astonishment on his face showed that notwithstanding his faith he was surprised.

The fact of the matter was that he was watching himself as a child of three sitting at a table in the day-nursery of The Cedars, the old home in Pye Street which had been his father's and now was his. He saw himself and his brother James seated in high chairs drinking milk from mugs, while the young nursemaid was spreading bread and jam. Mr. Duveen actually stood there like a guest watching himself as a baby, and what he saw disgusted him, for he saw Effie spread the bread with jam and give it to his brother, then he

saw her spread another piece and put it on his plate, but there was not nearly so much jam on it as on his brother James's piece.

Mr. Duveen grew restless and the prison bed creaked, for he was noticing what a plain child he was; but, while he was looking at himself, he suddenly began to read his thoughts as well, and he was dumbfounded, for he realized that as a mite of three he had been capable of thinking.

James has more jam on his bread than I have.

I want the most jam.

I wish I could spill my milk on the table.

I wish a lion would come and swallow up Effie and James so that I could have James's piece of bread and jam.

Mr. Duveen was so amazed at all he saw, that he sat up in bed in order to see Effie pat him on the head, and to hear her say, "What is it, Henry?" and to hear himself answer, "More jam, Effie."

He called out in his sleep, "Don't, Effie," but as all this happened thirty-two years ago it was too late to say anything. He could only watch Effie put some more jam on his bread, and hear himself called "a dear little chap."

Mr. Duveen's first idea was to blame Effie for being so lenient, but after a time he realized that she had had no idea what he was thinking and that she could not really be blamed for the birth of jealousy in his little mind, which meeting no opposition settled down unseen to grow and flourish through the years, undreamed of by his fellow-man, coming right out one night into the open, and there, refusing to listen to any nobler thoughts, just murdered Mr. Bazeley.

Lewes people could not believe their ears when the news spread through the town. Each one said as they were told: "Mr. Duveen murdered Mr. Bazeley!" "Never, he couldn't do such a thing! He hadn't a harsh thought in his head for anyone."

People were stunned and did not know what to make of it, and when Mr. Tag at the "George" observed that, if Mr. Duveen of all people had been capable of committing murder, there was no telling what any of them might not do, and they realized how little they really knew about each other.

Mr. Duveen lay still for a few moments while

he had a rest from watching himself, but presently his face flushed up a little, and he called out, "You silly fools, look into my mind." Then he groaned and cried aloud, "Oh, if you had only read my thoughts you might have saved me from the gallows." And stretching out his arm he pointed to something and shouted, "Taller and taller it grows till presently the worst crime of man will come and lodge in its branches."

He covered his eyes with his arm as if he were trying to prevent himself seeing the rapid growth of jealousy in his mind. The prison clock struck two and now his face was wreathed in smiles, for he was seeing himself as a young man of twenty-three come out of The Cedars one Sunday afternoon. He was dressed in a blue suit and he admired his tie.

It must have been interesting seeing oneself as a young man, for Mr. Duveen smiled as he watched himself walk briskly up Pye Street and into High Street, close on the heels of Mary Cumerlegge, the family butcher's daughter. He saw himself gain on Mary and overtake her, then,

as he took off his hat and put it on again, he saw his face grow red as he realized that Mary had hardly deigned to notice him.

Mr. Duveen felt sorry for himself standing there with his hat on the back of his head, and his hands in his pockets. He wanted to say to himself: "There are better girls in Lewes, young fellow. Don't let her worry you"; but it was too late, so he had to content himself with going on seeing his life pass before him. He had another look at himself standing there gazing after Mary as she hurried into Gray's Lane, and he stopped as he saw her come face to face with Joe Bazeley, saw them kiss and take each other's arms as they strolled off towards Wittlestone Woods. At twenty-three years of age Mr. Duveen had had no idea that this weed of jealousy was growing stronger and stronger in his mind, twining its roots round all his good qualities, so it came as a shock to him when he became aware that at this period he had been capable of thinking.

"I'll have you yet, Mary. Not that there ain't better girls in Lewes. To think you prefer that draper, a man who don't know a horse from a cow,

to me. That swine shan't have you, no, not if I swing for it."

Everything that happened to him during the next few years passed before his eyes; he saw Mary kiss Joe good-bye on Lewes Station. He heard Joe say, "Wait for me, Mary. In a year or two I'll make good. There is scope out there, but if I stay in Lewes I shall be a draper's assistant to the end." He heard Mary say, "And if you don't get on, Joe, send for me, for I shall love you rich or poor. I shall love you, Joe, till the end of time."

Mr. Duveen watched himself and Mary through the next two years. He saw Mary grow paler and paler, for Joe never wrote. He saw himself go to her for the twentieth time and ask her to marry him, and to persuade her that Joe must be dead. He saw them both sitting in the parlour at the back of old Mr. Cumerlegge's shop talking, till after a time he heard Mary say, "I'll marry you, Henry, but I shall never love you the same as I did Joe."

Mr. Duveen turned round in bed and lay on his back and wiped his brow with the prison sheet,

for he was reading his own thoughts as Mary spoke, and he was horrified. Beads of perspiration rolled down his cheeks as he read: "I knew I should have you. I always meant to. I don't love you, as the saying goes, but I'll make you a good husband. I've got what I wanted, which was that no one else should get what I'd set my heart on. You've lost some of your looks, but I'll be kind to you and between us we'll win them back. I knew that swine would never get you. I'd have wrung his neck if he hadn't cleared out of Lewes when he did. Anyhow, he hasn't got you, and he never will now; no, not if I swing for it"—for no one in Lewes knew for certain that Mr. Bazeley was dead.

Mr. Duveen slept as peacefully as a child while the next eight years of his life passed before his eyes. He saw his wedding, and noticed how women's fashions had changed. He saw Mary and himself settling in their little house in Castle Street; he saw his father's death and funeral, and as he watched the long procession move up Pye Street he realized how much his father had been liked in Lewes. He saw Allport's van bring his

furniture to The Cedars, which was left him in the will: he saw himself out on his rounds, or having a day's hunting when he could spare the time: he saw the family business grow, he saw his dogs and horses, and himself and Mary take a stroll in the paddock at the back of The Cedars, to look at his grey mare and foal. He heard himself say to Mary, "We'll call her Mary Grey." He read some of his thoughts as he rode from farm to farm. He noticed that at first he often thought, "I wish Mary would have a child"; but she never did, so after a while he stopped thinking about it. He realized that he was never unhappy or depressed, neither was Mary. Their life seemed unusually smooth and peaceful, until the day of Lewes Horse Show, when, just as he was leading in Mary Grey from winning an event, he looked up and saw Joe Bazeley talking to a group of men. Mr. Duveen read his own thoughts, and knew that as he passed him by he thought: "Joe's altered, he has even grown, he is no longer thin and weedy-looking as he used to be." He noticed that he never even nodded to him, but walked out of the field and over to his

stables, where he patted Mary Grey and praised her for winning the prize. He patted her several times, then walked over to the "George" and sat down to think. As Mr. Duveen looked back at his thoughts that evening he was quite surprised he had only killed one man, for he realized that the potency of his jealousy was such that unlimited murder might have been expected. He was really grateful he had not killed Mary and the two maids as well.

Mr. Duveen saw himself leave the "George" and walk up Castle Street into Pye Street. He saw himself open the street door, walk in and hang up his hat, and as he walked along the hall he saw with real grief that he did not stoop to pat his dogs as they jumped up to welcome him. It cut him to the quick to see himself ignore his dogs, but he went on looking at all he did. He watched himself stop to listen as he heard a man's voice—Joe's voice—coming from the parlour. He saw himself run upstairs three steps at a time, open his bedroom door and cross over to his chest of drawers. Perspiration poured down his face on to the prison pillow as he watched himself

unlock the top right hand drawer, take out a revolver, load it, and place it in his pocket. He could not help thinking what a methodical chap he was when he saw himself comb his smooth hair right down on his forehead and wash his hands, just as he did every night when he came in from the office. Mr. Duveen watched himself walk downstairs and quietly open the parlour door and step inside and stand behind the screen, to hear Mary ask, "Why didn't you write, Joe?" and to hear Joe answer, "I've gone through hell and I couldn't let you come, but the last two years I've made good. Now I've come to fetch you, Mary."

Mr. Duveen watched his face grow grey as he heard Mary say, "I'm ready Joe, for Henry knew when I married him that I should love you till the end of time."

Mr. Duveen sat up in bed to watch the noble, kind Duveen and Tomsett qualities struggle to get on top; he saw sympathy with Joe and Mary fighting for a place; he saw Duveen pride try to loose and let go her who did not want to stay: he saw human pity wrestle in a hand-to-hand fight with jealousy: he saw himself trying to be

lenient, trying to think of his father and his mother, of his horses and his dogs, and of Lewes.

Mr. Duveen wiped the froth from his lips as he saw himself come out from behind the screen, and heard his own voice say to Joe, "You swine, you shan't have Mary; no, not if I swing for it." Then, although Mr. Duveen was sound asleep, he opened his eyes wide to watch himself shoot Mr. Bazeley dead.

Mr. Duveen woke up with a start and looked at his watch, and saw that it was exactly half-past four. He calculated that as he was to be executed at eight o'clock he had just about three hours left to use what he had learnt from his dream, to make his plans for the future. Mr. Duveen thanked God very humbly and gratefully for the dream from which he had gained some idea of the power of thought, and he began to reason with himself and said: "If my jealous thoughts were powerful enough to bring me to the gallows, then what might one not reasonably expect from good thoughts?" He thought and thought for a long time, in fact until his face was one great, glorious smile. Then, he said to himself, "That's it,

that's it, that must be it. Yes, all is thought, and a happy life is simply thinking happy and good thoughts for ever and ever, and death must be either thinking bad or ignorant thoughts or thinking nothing at all." Nevertheless he did not know how to account for the good dead, for he remembered his mother and father and his friends. But he had a clear head, and so after a little he decided that they had simply been ignorant, whereupon he concluded that even a saint must die if he were ignorant of life, for, thought he, nothing but a knowledge of what life is can erase from thought a knowledge of death.

Mr. Duveen got out of bed and dressed hastily.

CHAPTER III

THE EXECUTION

MR. Duveen was full of zest and eagerness to make plans for living after the execution. So he picked up his Bible which lay on a chair beside his bed, and put it on the table and sat down to think. And, as he thought, he gradually began to see that if a happy life is the result of thinking happy thoughts, then he must be extremely careful to avoid thinking anything that might lead him into the purlieus of death. "Not only that," he thought, "but I must be sure I don't stop thinking altogether," for he saw quite plainly that that was another phase of death as well. So he decided that not only now but just before the execution and with God's help while it was going on and directly afterwards, he must think, "I'm alive and I'm a man, and I'm a happy man." Not for one

instant must he think about or dread death, or be mesmerized by fear into ceasing to think at all. Then he thought for a while and added, "And neither must I think I'm a bad man, for that might lead to a repetition of the Bazeley affair, if not to something worse."

Mr. Duveen opened his Bible and his face lit up as he read these words of Job's :

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

His joy knew no bounds and he said to himself : "From now onwards I am going to try to turn from my wicked and ignorant thinking which has landed me in prison, and live a happy life." Mr. Duveen was deeply sorry for what he had done, and meant to take the consequences like a man, but he was not going to let it spoil his whole future : he had something far more important to do than to think about his execution. He waved it out of the way, treating it as if it were a shadow on his path, which in reality it was—for, thought he, death is a far bigger thing than just being hanged ; in fact, he was not at all sure that most of the people walking about the world were

not stone dead, though they did walk and talk, marry and create.

Yes, he thought, death might even be as big as that. Just for a moment Mr. Duveen wished he could stay here to work amongst the walking, talking dead, but it was evidently not his work, and he had no time to think about other people's business, for he was beginning to see a great future before him, a future undisturbed by death, and as he thought his face literally shone with intelligent delight.

He was impatient to get the execution over to see for himself, and he determined that if he found masses and masses of people or minds that had just stopped thinking like clocks, because the walking, talking dead considered it the thing to do at about seventy years of age, then he, Henry Duveen, would with God's help work without ceasing to start them off again. He would strive to wake his brother man from sleep or oblivion ; or whatever phase of death they appeared to be suffering from.

Time was getting on and he said to himself, " Yes, I'm alive, and I'm a man and I'm a good

man." Then he looked at his Bible and thought how he should love to take it with him, and he thought for a few moments until his face shone with pleasure. However he said nothing but he got up and walked up and down the prison cell, thanking God for this great chance to do some really useful work, and, although he knew it was not going to be easy to go on thinking good and fearless thoughts as he neared the scaffold, yet he was determined to do so, and to have no pause in his thinking either, for it occurred to him that a vacuum in thinking might soon lapse into death, in a place where he had always understood it is as universally indulged in as it is here. Mr. Duveen vowed to himself that come what may he would not be a party to death, and that his motto should be life and more life, and joy and strength and happiness, and that after this experience with Mr. Bazeley he would try never to think a cruel, hateful or ignorant thought again. He really longed to see for himself what a happy life was like, for he was absolutely sick and tired of death of every description.

So he put his Bible in his pocket, put the

inkstand straight on the table and the chair against the wall, murmuring to himself, in fact all but singing, "I'm alive, I'm alive, and I'm happy." Then the cell door opened and the warder came in with a nice breakfast, which he gave to the warder who had been in the cell all night, but who was too moved and compassionate to make his presence felt.

The two men looked at Mr. Duveen without speaking, and when the new-comer had left the cell he said to the other warders who were standing outside waiting to hear how Mr. Duveen seemed, "His face is like a bright light shining."

Mr. Duveen ate his breakfast, then had a little chat with the governor of the prison on local topics, but he declined to talk with the chaplain—not from any unfriendly motives, but because his new views on life and death were making him so radiantly happy that he thought it wiser not to discuss the subject with someone who very likely hadn't any views at all; besides he didn't want to run the risk of slipping back into a state of doubt or confusion, which talking so often ended in. He felt he just wanted to think about the few

things he was beginning to be certain of, which were that life need not be interrupted or disturbed by death and that to fall into a state of coma was wanton folly when joy and activity are man's birthright. He began to see that if he were thinking all this he could not possibly be thinking about a lot of uncertainties at the same time.

It was a fine November morning, "the very morning for a day's hunting," thought Mr. Duveen, and he turned to the warder and asked him if he knew where the meet was that day. He said he thought it was at Wittlestone Woods. "Ah, well," he said, "I shall hunt again. I am sure I shall." Almost immediately he was prepared for execution; he was so patient and gentle and helpful that, although there was no escaping what had to be done, the prison people hated doing it. Mr. Duveen walked out of his cell with dignity, and as he crossed the yard to the scaffold he gave a long, low whistle. People wondered why till they heard a horse whinny, then they remembered that Duveen and Son's stables backed on to the prison yard, and that

this was probably his favourite mare bidding him good-bye.

Mr. Duveen was executed as nicely as possible, and when it was all over the executioner told the governor, who was not quite near enough to hear, that "I'm alive with my Bible" were Mr. Duveen's last words.

CHAPTER IV

MORE LIFE

LEAVING his body in the care of the Prison Authorities had made no difference to Mr. Duveen, he just went on thinking, "I'm alive, I'm alive, I'm alive, and I'm a good man with a Bible." He thought this so persistently, and not for one moment did he have any leanings towards a state of coma, that at last these true thoughts objectified, but there was nowhere to stand, for the earth seemed void: there was nothing anywhere but a taller, handsomer Mr. Duveen with no clothes on, and he was floating about a little. Nevertheless he opened his Bible immediately and noticed that the words were all written in diamonds and rubies and emeralds, and he read this verse written in sparkling diamonds: "God created the heaven and the earth." As he watched the glittering words dance and sparkle

he felt a great weight fall from him, for he saw that he had nothing to create, that all was already here, though at the first glance it did not appear to be so.

Mr. Duveen closed his Bible and placed it under his arm, and floated quietly on, thanking God for grand trees and great rivers and small streams, for hills and great open spaces, for little swamp meadows in the midst of dark forests, and for mountains and flowers. He thanked Him for every sort of flower he had ever seen. He even thanked Him for some he had never seen at all. He did not cease thanking God for this beautiful world which He had made, until he felt his feet on solid ground, and looking round he saw a grander, nobler landscape than he had ever seen before and noticed the masses of flowers.

Mr. Duveen ran about for sheer joy, praising and thanking God and shouting, " I'm alive, I'm alive and in God's world at last." Whereupon the mountains and the hills and the little hills took up his song and echoed it until he felt sufficiently established to think about some clothes. Here he displayed great intelligence, for

he did not look at himself with shame or pity as most nude men would, or begin to fret or wonder where his clothes were coming from He just went off for a walk amongst the flowers, and considered them and touched and admired their lovely petals and thanked God for their princely clothing and for their beauty, until gradually the highest sartorial concepts he had ever had, but ones which he had never dreamed he would embody, lumped themselves together, as it were, and formed a perfect whole; for when he looked into the clear blue waters of a little stream, in the hopes of seeing some trout, he saw his own reflection, and it was dressed in a pink coat and had on a top hat and top boots, and he noticed that he held a hunting-crop in his hand and that a little silver horn hung from his shoulder.

Mr. Duveen's joy knew no bounds. He felt on the verge of a great revelation, and he wondered what was the reason for this better earth and for this more abundant variety and beauty of the flowers and trees, and for this glorious climate. Presently he began to see that

it was because he was not trying to see a world of his own or other people's creating, but was humbly standing still to see God's good world.

This reasoning did not make him feel that he had nothing to do—far from it—for he felt on the verge of great activity. He saw plainly that his work was to make no mistakes in his thinking, he realized that that was the only way to really help himself and those who had done nothing else. So he opened his Bible and read that " God saw everything which he had made and behold it was very good." The words were written in diamonds and the " i's " were dotted in rubies. He looked at the words lovingly until he grasped their meaning ; then, as he was hungry, he walked over to the first tree he could see with fruit growing on it and picked some. He couldn't remember ever having seen this kind of fruit before, but he did not let that trouble him. He knew it was good, so he ate it and enjoyed it. Then he drank some water from a stream and sat down to think, and the first thing he thought was that come what may he must not try to think too much in one day. He believed that to do so might lead to

confusion, besides he'd eternity to think in, so why be in such a hurry. He seemed to remember that somewhere he had been given wonderful advice on this subject before, so he opened his Bible which was his only guide, and there he read these words written in diamonds: "Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." Mr. Duveen smiled with satisfaction as he grasped the wisdom of the words, for he remembered how in the past he had so often thought one thing and then another with such rapidity, the wonder was anything had ever materialized at all.

"One thought at a time without a doubt," he said to himself, and he decided that his very next thought should be on transport. He knew quite well that he could never make a horse or a cow or a dog, so he concluded they must all be here already, that they always had been here, and that it was up to him to see them. So he fell to thinking about horses and dogs, and cattle in general, but how the thoughts of a man who prided himself on knowing all about horses, and who was generally considered to know all about

them, ever humbled themselves enough for a pure white Suffolk punch to materialize to hack about on he did not know. But he wanted to know, so he opened his Bible to find out, and there he read : " Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." Mr. Duveen did love God, and as he looked at this great, white mare pawing the ground in front of him, he felt sure that a white Suffolk punch must be one of the good things the old world had failed to see. And he stood there admiring her and she whinnied and he called her Mary Grey the second, for she had the same kind eyes as Mary Grey had had. Then walking up to her he patted her, and as he did so he felt that all the good qualities he had liked in Mary Grey were in this great white cart-horse as well. Suddenly a dog began to bark and Mr. Duveen heard a mighty roar, and looking round he saw a great herd of black Mongolian cattle racing down towards him from the mountains ; but he was not at all afraid. He stood quite still admiring them, and as they tore past him he was positive they smiled.

Mr. Duveen patted the dog, an Irish setter, and called him Bruce, then mounting his huge mare he galloped away into the hills where he spent a long time praising God for helping him to prove that there never had been and never would be any cessation of life for man, no matter what they thought to the contrary.

CHAPTER V

A HOME

THE next morning Mr. Duveen got up very early and went for a swim in the river, then he dressed himself, and smoothed his black hair down on his forehead, put on his top hat and his boots, then ate a couple of apples and had a drink from a stream ; but he was not satisfied, he wanted some bread. So he opened his Bible and read the account of the Israelites as they marched through the wilderness, but he was a very humble man, so he did not get up and look about for manna, he just said to himself, " If God fed them He will me," for he was convinced that God is no respecter of persons. Neither was he one to sit pondering once he had thought the best thought he knew, so he led Mary Grey to the stream to water. And as he watched her he wished Lewes people could see her coat shining in the sun, and

looking like nothing they had ever seen. But he doubted if they could ever be persuaded to believe there was such a thing as a white Suffolk punch, for they had always believed them to be bright chestnut, and he remembered what a job it was to make anyone on the old earth see anything they did not believe or believe anything they did not see.

So he left Mary Grey to graze while he sat down again to think and just for one moment he made a mistake in his thinking, for he thought "There is no flour" and, as one bad thought is often followed by another, he thought, "so that puts an end to any hope of bread for me." But he was such a sincere man that almost immediately he was ashamed of his thinking, so he got out his Bible and searched and searched until he found these words: "Ye say six months to the harvest, but I say unto you look up for the fields are white already to harvest." Mr. Duveen hung his head for a moment, he was so sorry to think he'd let such doubting, lacking thoughts come into his mind. However, he got them all out by bringing others in, and he began to think, "Well, the corn

must be here, and is here, and what is more it is ready for harvest." With this thought uppermost he jumped over a hedge into a cornfield and crushed out enough meal for one day's baking, and carried it back to the place he intended making a centre for activity, or a home. He made a little kitchenette in a cave, a bedroom on a mossy bank, and a sitting-room close by. He fixed up quarters for Mary Grey, then he began to think about some light. He well knew that God had said " Let there be light," but he puzzled away for a long time before he could make up his mind what that light was; but he displayed intelligence, so he soon concluded that light must be understanding and that, if he could only realize that God had given him all the intelligence he required to harness the adjacent waters for electric light, he might soon have a little power station.

Mr. Duveen's face was a study, he threw his top hat in the air and cried out with joy. " No need to be a cave man again "; but the words were hardly out of his mouth before he began to hesitate and say " I shall need this and that." In fact he began to be afraid, so the thought which

he all but thought was, "I must go back to the flint age," when, fortunately for Mr. Duveen and all those coming after him, he stopped thinking along these timid, doubting lines, and remembered Moses, and how that it was while Moses was telling the children of Israel to stand still to see God's salvation, that at that very moment God said to Moses, "Speak to the children of Israel, that they go forward." That was just what Mr. Duveen saw he must do—go forward. And he did, for he took off his pink coat and rolled up his sleeves, and set to work to harness the water-power, and as he worked and thought, he shouted, "Forward, Duveen, forward, Duveen," and he went forward so splendidly that by night he was baking bread in a little electric cooker, and fixing up lights here and there, while all the doubts and fears that had beset him earlier in the day, well, like the Egyptians of the Israelites, he saw them again no more. He was more than happy to feel that he was able to maintain progress and that there was no occasion to lapse back into the dark ages. He saw that he must be careful to keep his thinking abreast with the best inventions, customs

and true knowledge that he had known on the other earth. He saw that not only was there no reason to go back at all, but that he was actually going forward, for here was he with a better body than the one he had had before, dressed more sumptuously than he had ever dreamed of in his wildest dreams, with a horse the like of whose beauty and strength never had been seen, and with a home and electric light, to say nothing of all the fruit, flowers, cattle, fish, and fowl of the air—all on the second day after his friends considered him dead.

Mr. Duveen wished he could let them all know that he was alive and happier and busier than he had ever been before; but he saw plainly that to have any dealings with his friends at all he must go back to where their thinking is, or they must come on to where his is. He opened his Bible to see if he could find anything to support his views. There he read these words on the very subject: "Between them and us there is a great gulf fixed." "Yes," said Mr. Duveen, "the gulf between us is our thinking, nothing else." Then he wondered what was separating him from the

sleeping dead, whom he believed were all around him even now, so he thought awhile and then shouted aloud, "Nothing, absolutely nothing is separating us." Then the air, as it were, undulated, little gusts hit him in the face and made him quite uncomfortable for a few moments. So to calm himself he gave Mary Grey a feed and shut her in her stable; then, as he was rather tired he prepared for bed. And as he lay down on his mossy couch to sleep he reviewed the wonders of that day, and before he closed his eyes he caught his first glimpse of why the prodigal son's brother had been told that all that the Father had was his as well.

CHAPTER VI

A WEDDING

"ANOTHER lovely day," thought Mr. Duveen as he woke up, and while the water boiled he sat down on a rock and just wondered about the weather. He thought to himself, "this must be God's weather, good like everything He made." And while he revelled in it he fell to thinking about the extraordinary climatic conditions on the old earth, until he came to the conclusion that they must be the result of the multitudinous and varied opinions about the weather. As he thought and reasoned he saw that the earth's weather had never had a dog's chance to be good, for no one had ever left it alone for a single moment, so that it really never quite knew what to be—wet or fine, hot or cold. He recalled the various opinions even he had heard on a damp day's round, how the first

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person had said, "Fine weather, Duveen," and the next, "Stormy looking, sir," and a third would say, "A bitter cold wind. Eh! Duveen," and a fourth vouchsafed, "A fine morning, but there'll be rain before night."

Mr. Duveen made up his mind then and there never to let his thoughts interfere with the weather, but to leave it alone to function in peace, in fact to treat the weather as he would like to be treated. He had breakfast and set his house in order and groomed Mary Grey, then mounted her and rode away leisurely over the fields until he reached the foot of a high mountain, where dismounting, he sat down to think about some human intercourse. As he looked out upon this great, good, glorious world, filled with beauty as far as the eye could see, and glanced at Mary Grey whose splendid disposition made her white coat shine like silver, lending strength and dignity to her whole appearance, then looked at Bruce who smiled and nodded back at him, and when he remembered the cattle whose kindliness had even made them smile, he saw how necessary it was for him to keep his thoughts free from

anything that might mar or cloud their perfect happiness. Not only that, but the conviction bore in on him more and more forcibly that if this world was full of men and women who had just stopped thinking, then the first thoughts they thought were of the utmost importance, in fact were absolutely vital to their future happiness and progress here. Mr. Duveen was not really dismayed; on the contrary the more he thought the greater became his joy. His face shone as he realized that on him devolved the glorious privilege of getting his own thoughts right first, if he were to be anything of a help to those who had entirely ceased to think at all; for he remembered the earth and all its troubles and he was determined that if purifying his own thoughts was essential, then purify them he would, for his one aim was to avoid anything like a repetition of the discord that had characterized the old world.

Mr. Duveen said to himself, "There is no other way. I must take a new viewpoint on almost every subject." After a time he hung his head down a little and almost whispered, "Yes,

and you must take a new viewpoint on women too." Then he looked up and a faint smile passed over his face as he said, "Yes, and on marriage as well," and as he spoke he trembled from head to foot; but he was terribly in earnest, so he said to himself, "I must do all this, and I can do it; besides I want to do it if it will help myself and others; but, oh! it is such a big thing," and he groaned and held his head between his hands and looked back on his former views on women, and as he did so he had to own they hadn't been any too nice.

Mr. Duveen sat rapt in thought for a long time, but at length he stood up and stretched himself to his full height, and began to address himself as if he were a judge addressing a jury. He spoke in clear, calm tones and said: "If you want to wake the sleeping dead you can only do so by telling them the Truth. They can never, never hear anything else: the Truth alone will wake them." For he was now convinced that death was simply a condition man had imposed upon himself. "But, what is Truth?" he cried; but he knew well enough, for he opened his

Bible at the answer and read aloud, " God made all that was made and without Him was not anything made that was made." " Yes, that's the Truth," so he closed his Bible and went on talking to himself. He talked so ably and made himself feel so humble that at last he knelt down and bowed his head, and in that moment he knew that if he could keep his thoughts and the thoughts of all men about women pure, then man's day as a creator would be over, yes, must be over, for why cause suffering any longer, why go on like children playing at making people when God's people had always filled creation and always would.

Mr. Duveen stretched out his arms to his fellow-men and women, though he couldn't see them, and shouted to them, " You are here, you must be here, and never will I think myself the father of any one, for there is one Father, even God." Then a curious thing happened. The air undulated, and for the next few moments Mr. Duveen felt he could fly, such a great weight seemed to have fallen from him. But at the height of his exaltation he remembered

lust, so he said to himself, " It's no use, it's got to go," for he saw as plainly as possible that if human birth had had its day then lust had too, that it must go out of human experience, and be trampled into dust by progress.

Mr. Duveen distinctly saw a new marriage and a new birth, and although he was such a brave man tears came into his eyes as he watched all his most cherished and old established views go out, and felt the new ones rush in and take possession of his mind. So to steady himself he clutched at his Bible and opened it for encouragement, and read this passage written in emeralds: " Man that is born of a woman is of a few days and full of sorrow." " Of course he is," said Mr. Duveen, " and it's not worth it, and I won't go on with the farce." Then he opened the book at random and read again, " Can a clean thing come out of an unclean ? " " Never, never," he shouted at the top of his voice, " Never, and I don't mean to go on trying to make it," for he remembered the billions of men who had tried but had never succeeded.

" Yes, I see it all," he said. " I must get my

thoughts on birth and marriage on an altogether better footing, even if I have to give up my most sacred ideals and opinions." So he whistled for Mary Grey and mounting her, he galloped and galloped until he reached the top of the mountain. There he wrestled all night long with lustful thoughts. Beads of perspiration poured down his face as he wrestled with them one by one. As each lustful, selfish, sensual, vile thought came up he hurled them down like ninepins, when they crawled back again, clawing hold of him and struggling for a footing in his thinking, he fought until he pitched them down the rocky steeps again. But, oh! how they clung. The poor man wrestled all night long: he fought for himself and his brothers and sisters who were floating about not thinking at all, he fought for the walking, talking dead who were marrying and going to great expense and inconvenience, to say nothing of the pain, to create inhabitants for the world, when the world and its inhabitants was already here and everywhere. He fought so that he might be fitted to lead them out of ignorance. He wrestled till the break of day, then wiping

his brow, he began to think the most wonderful thoughts he could think about women. And as he did so he lifted love right out of the mire that has surrounded it through the ages, and stripped off every shred of lust and greed, possession, hate, variableness, bestiality, and personality that ha grown like lichen around the grandest gift of God to man.

Mr. Duveen distinctly saw a new love, and watched the old concept of the word melt away as darkness vanishes before the light. While the sun was rising he sat there loving women—all women—there was nothing selfish or limited about his love : they were all beautiful, kind and gentle, clever and useful ; entitled to love. He felt he would roam the world to help a woman, any woman. Yes, that was love, and thinking thus he literally hurled romance right up miles beyond the usual concept into new and grander regions. Then he smiled, for he saw a new Don Juan. When the sun had set Mr. Duveen had fought a great fight and was ready for progress, ready for the awakening of his fellow-men. His face was almost as bright as the sun itself, and he

felt a new man, then going over to where Mary Grey was grazing, he patted her and was just about to mount her when he heard something moving behind him, and looking round he saw a beautiful woman smiling at him. He thought it was the most wonderful smile he had ever seen. Then she spoke and said, "My name is Euphemia." Almost immediately, Mr. Duveen began to reap the benefit of his struggles, for he was as calm as possible. His one aim was to help the woman, so he said, "Euphemia, what sort of clothes do you like?" for she had nothing on. She answered, "I don't mind what I wear; anything becoming will do."

Mr. Duveen smiled. Then very gently he began to explain to her that she would be an extremely busy woman, for she was to be the first woman to have a universal family, which meant that all men and all women were her children, her brothers and her sisters. The inhabitants of this new world must be one large family, therefore, as she was the first woman born into this world, her thinking would base the thinking of all women. She must therefore think

along progressive and hygienic lines in every direction so as to enjoy the maximum of good which was their birthright. Consequently she must dress in a way that would give her the most freedom and comfort while she worked for her family, but he added, " That does not mean that your clothes need be ugly." Euphemia smiled, but she had nothing to suggest for she had never seen anything but long dresses with long trains, so her face was a study while Mr. Duveen talked to her about a jumper-suit, and explained to her that it was a short plain or pleated skirt. Euphemia thought for one second and then said " pleated."

" Very well," he continued, " a short pleated skirt and a sort of long blouse."

" Oh ! no," said Euphemia. Then she took the description right out of his hands and said, " A short pleated skirt, and a coat to match, and a white lawn jumper."

" That means a lot of washing and ironing," said Mr. Duveen, but Euphemia answered, " To keep oneself fresh and beautiful isn't work, it's a joy."

Mr. Duveen was dumbfounded until he remembered that the women he had been thinking of before Euphemia appeared, had not only been good and wise, and clever, but were also fresh and beautiful, and had exquisite taste. "Job was certainly right," he muttered, and although he had intended describing a pull-on hat he felt it wasn't necessary, so he just said, "Perhaps you had better let me cut off your long hair, for it's more convenient to be able to wear a hat without hat-pins, and to feel it won't blow off in the wind."

Euphemia's eyes sparkled, and she said, "Short curly hair! It must look attractive!" Mr. Duveen was bound to admit he thought so. Then he looked round until he found something sharp enough with which to shingle her hair, and when he had finished it he left her and went away by himself and sat down to thank God for Euphemia and for her clothes, for her intelligence and wisdom, and for the spotless purity of her thinking. Then he prayed humbly for strength to keep his thoughts about her always right up where they were to-day. And when he had

ceased praying he looked up and saw her standing by him dressed in a reddish brown coat and skirt and on her head she wore a small brown velvet hat.

Mr. Duveen said, "Don't you feel free and comfortable dressed like that?"

"Yes," said Euphemia, "but I wish I could see how I look."

Mr. Duveen lifted her on to Mary Grey, and they rode away towards their home, but just as they were about to jump a stream he pulled Mary Grey up sharply, and told Euphemia to look at her reflection in the water. She was evidently pleased, for she smiled. But all she said was, "I shall be much more useful to everyone dressed like this."

Mr. Duveen was too happy to speak. He gave Mary Grey her head and galloped her over the fields and streams and hills until they reached home. When he had shown Euphemia the rooms he asked her what she thought of them, but all she said was, "They will do while we are building."

"Building?" said Mr. Duveen.

"Of course, for didn't you say we were to

progress and enjoy all the good God knows for us. So we mustn't put up with any sort of houses as we did in the old world. We must all have splendid homes."

Mr. Duveen stood still marvelling at such understanding, for here was Euphemia talking of building when there was not as yet a man on the earth to lay one stone upon the other. While he stood thus unable to utter a word Euphemia grilled some trout and stewed some fruit which she had found in the larder. After supper they talked and talked far into the night.

Mr. Duveen told her his history and how he had refused to die, he confided to her all his hopes of waking the sleeping dead. He told her that he had come to the conclusion that most of the people on the old earth were as dead as door-nails. Euphemia listened with wrapt attention, while together their thoughts soared up and up on every subject until at last she got up and stood in front of Mr. Duveen, and said, "You are right, Henry. I can see it all quite plainly too. Yes, everyone, whether walking and talking on the old earth or asleep here, whether good or bad, who believes

in death, is dead, and I'm here to help and encourage you to keep your thoughts right up in life all the time, for ever and ever. I'm here to help all the men and women I ever meet keep their thoughts up in life, and the only way to do that is to keep my own thoughts about everyone right up all the time. And think, Henry, if everyone does that, there will be no more unemployment, it will wipe that curse out as nothing else ever has or ever will.

Mr. Duveen marvelled at the woman God had given him.

They talked on for a little longer, then Mr. Duveen thought Euphemia ought to go to sleep; so she lay down, and he wrapped his pink coat round her. Presently he lay down by her side, and the splendid pure thoughts which he thought before he fell asleep dated a new era in marriage. They lifted it up far, far beyond even the best the old concept had had to offer, and hurled it centuries forward into a grander and purer atmosphere, and there planted it squarely on new and lasting foundations. As he did so he felt sure that this was the wedding of the future—

that it must be, for no other sort was any longer necessary. As he closed his eyes he thanked God for the woman He had given him, a woman who would help him in the only way he wanted helping. Yes, to help each other think perfect thoughts, thoughts untouched by passion, lust or selfishness was marriage, and nothing else was worthy of the name.

Mr. Duveen slept like a top.

CHAPTER VII

A PROGRAMME

MR. and Mrs. Duveen got up very early the next morning and went down to the river for a swim. They laughed and talked and were so happy that Mr. Duveen almost forgot his fellow-men, for he was just about to say, " What a treat to have a world to oneself," when Euphemia pulled his thinking right up again by saying, " Won't everyone love it here ? " So they dressed and strolled leisurely home and had breakfast. When they had finished they decided that when they had tidied up they would ride over to the mountains and spend the day there, quietly discussing and making decisions for the great birth.

Euphemia was a delight to Mr. Duveen. He watched her smile to herself as she cleared away the dishes and cut the sandwiches, she seemed so

expectant of good. This helped and encouraged him as he had never been encouraged before, so that when he opened the stable door to saddle Mary Grey he was not as surprised as one might imagine to see a black horse rubbing his nose on Mary Grey's neck; but when he brought them both round to the front door Euphemia couldn't speak. She just jumped on to this glorious black horse that was evidently meant for her, and rode out of sight.

Mr. Duveen didn't mind in the slightest. He remembered what he had felt like when he had first seen his great white Suffolk punch. He knew that there are times when one must be alone, so he collected the sandwiches and rode along very slowly until he caught sight of Euphemia on the top of a little hill. As he stood looking up at her he thought he had never seen a grander sight than this beautiful fair woman on her black horse. When Euphemia saw him coming she came down the hill to meet him, and they trotted along slowly beside each other while they played at seeing who could find the greatest number of trees and flowers they had never seen

on the old earth. Everywhere there were varieties and specimens neither of them had ever seen before—they seemed to spring up as they went along. There were trees with blue and silver leaves and with red barks ; there were lilies of every colour, hedges of roses surpassing any rose they could remember ; there were fruit trees the like of which never had been seen on this earth.

Mr. Duveen pulled Mary Grey up, and said to Euphemia, " Let us stand and stare," and so they did : they stared, spellbound at the perfection and beauty of the universe until Mr. Duveen got out his Bible and opened it at the book of Malachi and read this verse aloud : " See if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour out more than you are able to receive." Then he closed the Book and they rode on in silence through fields of waving grass, through avenues of flowering trees and cool woods, until they reached the top of the mountain where, dismounting, they found a pleasant place to sit and talk, and think about their fellow-men.

" Then you really think that after our bodies

were buried, cremated, or drowned, our minds ceased to think ? " said Euphemia.

" I do," replied her husband. " I think this world is full now of countless human minds which have not functioned since they left the old world in the process there called death."

" Why didn't they go on thinking ? Do you know, Henry ? "

" I can't say I do. I can only imagine it was because the universal opinion through ages was that death is sleep ; but, you know, Euphemia, I don't feel it's any use looking back and wondering why things were as they were. The fact is that Adam and Eve started us all off so badly that it was a foregone conclusion we should finish badly, which everybody did ; they all lay down and died, and left their bodies in unspeakably horrid conditions, while their minds shut up and did nothing. However, because Adam and Eve made a bad start, we needn't. No one need start badly."

Euphemia clapped her hands and said, " Henry, shall we try to be a new Adam and Eve ? "

But Mr. Duveen said, " Personally, I don't feel the slightest desire to resemble that unfortunate

couple. I feel we have heard more than enough about them already. I consider they were hopeless failures. They were given a great chance, but they didn't take it. I feel like trying to forget all about them and their progeny. My chief concern is to try to forget everything that ever happened since they appeared on the scene except the voices of the prophets, small and great, who appeared through the ages and tried to persuade us we had made a bad start, and implored us to turn back and start again: who gave up their whole lives trying to save us from our own destruction. It's impossible to conceive what state we should be in now but for these great men and women who have been stoned, tortured and killed because they tried to save us from our mad, mistaken views of life."

Mr. and Mrs. Duveen decided to wipe out everything that had happened since Adam and Eve. They agreed never to refer to the past deplorable state of things again unless it was necessary to bring out or throw up the grandeur and splendour of the new effort. They decided to make a completely fresh start and to go back

much further than Mr. Shaw. They decided to go right back to God, and to blot out of memory the whole wretched business which had resulted in doing otherwise. Together they looked on this grand universe and shouted, "Back to God! Back to God!" The hills and the mountains caught up their song, the whole earth echoed, "Back to God." Then Euphemia said, "But, Henry, even if we make a fresh start from God we can still go wrong, I suppose. There is nothing to stop our being failures like Adam and Eve, or even if we succeed there seems no certainty that others will not return to their vomit. Mr. Duveen thought before he spoke, then he said, "You are quite right, Euphemia, but I feel we must be very sure we don't fail those who come after us. That's out work, not to fail our children."

Then he opened his Bible and said, "Thank God we have this," and he searched until he found these words: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven." Whereupon he said, "That is our work, not to hide the

good we know, even if it's ever so little, then our children will have a better chance, for good parents are much more helpful than bad ones. Above all, we must teach them that God loves them, for it's the greatest comfort to feel that. Personally, I don't think anything is so completely satisfying as to feel that no matter what happens God loves us first. We may love Him afterwards, but He loves us first." Then he opened his Bible and read aloud: "We love Him because He first loved us." "Wonderful, isn't it?" said Euphemia, "but, Henry, what causes people to go wrong?"

"They think wrongly, and then the effects of their bad thoughts appear in their lives." Then he paused, until at length his face was wreathed in smiles and he said, "Euphemia, I shall hunt again. I knew I should. Yes, I shall hunt bad thoughts and kill them."

"How will you know there are any Henry? for thoughts don't show."

"Oh yes they do, and if you or I see anything wrong, or hear of any discord or disaster, we must hunt until we find the thought that caused it,

Then we must destroy it. You see what I mean, don't you, Euphemia ? It is most important that you should understand my meaning."

" Yes, I understand."

Mr. Duveen read over the 1st chapter of Genesis several times, until they had no other conception of creation than the one therein set forth. They saw that God alone had created everything and everybody, and that they had nothing to create whatever.

" No babies," said Euphemia, somewhat sadly.

" It doesn't say so," said Mr. Duveen, whereupon they read the whole chapter over again word for word, until they were bound to admit there was no mention of a single baby. Consequently they saw that they must make their start with grown-up, intelligent men and women. But he was a very feeling man, was Mr. Duveen, so he patted Euphemia's hand and explained gently to her that she would still have lots of children, though they did have their faculties fully developed from the start. That they would all need mothering and loving quite as much as the child of the Adam and Eve age. He advised

her from now onwards to obliterate from memory everything in connection with human birth, with all its etceteras, to wipe off the face of thought the idea that one has to be carried and fed, or that one is incapable of uttering one single word for a period of one to two years, or that one is born without a single tooth and with next to no hair. He strongly advised her to forget everything in connection with the whole proceeding except mother-love, for she would always need that.

Euphemia clapped her hands, for she had only had seven children on the old earth. Now from what Henry said she could see she would have hundreds and hundreds, since they could all wash and dress themselves, and talk and walk, and when she remembered the hours she had spent over one baby she felt almost thankful such a waste of time would not again be necessary, and that she would be free to be a mother to anyone who needed mothering, for she realized now that in the past she had simply lived for her seven children, and had had no time to give a mother's love or thought to anyone outside her home

She remembered the hundreds of poor, needy and wretched people who had wandered motherless in the city where she had lived on the edge of the western world.

Mr. Duveen sat thinking for a little while until he said, " Euphemia, I think as it says in the Bible that the dead shall hear the voice of Truth, we must try to think out a certain number of true statements and shout them aloud until they begin to hear. Not that our voices or a million voices will wake them ; but if we can utter truth that is what will do the work."

" We must make commandments ? " asked Euphemia.

" Oh. No, I don't feel equal to that. All I feel I'd like to try to do is to tell the people what they are, not what they shall be or shall not be."

" That's a grand idea, Henry, for when you consider what we were all led to suppose we were, it was not surprising that most of us did not do very well. For instance, we were all led to believe we were brought forth in iniquity. (Monstrous ! muttered Mr. Duveen.) That we were miserable sinners, and of a few days, and

full of sorrow. How wonderful if we had been told something true."

"That's what I feel, and I'm glad you do too, for now together we might frame ten statements of truth to use to-morrow, for I think we might begin the birth then."

So they decided that the first and most important statement of Truth for the dead to hear is, "God loves you." Yes, they would sing that truth aloud until the stagnant minds began to function. That was surely the most wonderful thought to wake up with, and it would certainly wake everybody, for it is true.

Euphemia said, "I think it's much nicer than telling them that they should love God, for so many people attributed so much of their trouble to God that to love Him was not so easy."

"Just so," said Henry. "I can hear hundreds of people saying, 'Why should I love God? What has He done for me?' One heard that sort of remark all the time on the old earth, but 'God loves you' must surely appeal to everyone, for we all like to be loved. Of course, no one will go very far unless they love God, but since

He loved us first we'll make our start from there.

"What do you think we had better tell them next? Of course it may take quite a long time before they all think God loves them. We can't go on to the next statement till they think the first very well. You know, Euphemia, we must remember that all fell into a state of coma at different ages and in different states and stages of crime, poverty, or ill health, though some were more normal. We seem to need all to start equally, don't you think?"

Euphemia, who had already fought a great fight and had renounced her entire views on babies, said, "I think the second statement of truth had better be: 'You are all God's grown-up intelligent sons and daughters now.'"

"Bravo, Euphemia!" said her husband. "You are splendid; it's the very thing to tell them. There will be no excuse then for some of them to think themselves undeveloped, or unable to do useful work. It will prevent conceit and a repetition of the way of the old world, where most people thought they were intelligent but

that no one else was. If they all think they are intelligent, what brilliant works of art and progress shall we not live to see!

"All intelligent. It's a great thought, isn't it, Euphemia?"

"It is, and don't you feel, Henry, that it is very important that one of their earliest thoughts should be that they are all beautiful, for when one remembers a crowd on the old earth, one is bound to admit there was room for improvement."

"I certainly do," said Mr. Duveen, "though it had slipped my memory for the moment. Yes, it was most important that people should be beautiful. Why shouldn't they be? That old theory that beauty would not be appreciated but for ugliness, has had its day; so the next statement of truth shall be: 'You are all healthy and beautiful now.'"

Then he paused before he spoke, and when he did he said, "And the fourth statement of truth must be: 'You are all God's humble servants.' That thought will chasten our pride. Then I think we will tell them they are all plentifully

supplied with everything good now. And we had better tell them they are all honest."

"Yes," added Euphemia, "and that they are all clean, for if you remember on the old earth it was a very small minority who thought that. It will be such a help if everyone thinks he is clean."

"And we may as well include 'You are all very active,' for that is a quality so many people didn't realize they even possessed, and one which they have never used. We mustn't forget to tell them that they are all truthful," said Mr. Duveen, "for, if you recollect, the tendency in the old world was to think oneself so, but that no one else was. Last of all don't you agree it would be nice for them to know they are all one happy family?"

"I do, Henry. We must get that well into their heads. We will sing 'You are one great happy family of God's children now.' Oh, I'm longing to see them all, aren't you? Just think: no cripples, or thieves, no idiots or criminals, no dwarfs or deformities, no proud or arrogant, no ugly or misshapen people, and no sick or miserable."

"Indeed I am," he answered, "and now we'll pray for strength to keep our thoughts about them all where we've got them to now. It's up to us, Euphemia, to make this fresh start a real success. We must keep our thoughts about them up all the time, and encourage them to do the same about each other."

Mr. Duveen fetched the horses, and they rode quietly home, scarcely speaking till they paused to watch the sunset, when as they looked admiringly at it Mr. Duveen said, "The people will need an incentive or motive for living, something finer and grander than any they have had before, all of which had been visible to the naked eye, such as the gaining of wealth, the possession of a wife or someone else's, the getting of fame or power. What shall be our aim and theirs? What is the grandest motive for living you can think of?"

Euphemia stood watching the sunset for a while, and then she said, "Why, Henry, surely to become the 'image and likeness of God.' That must be the motive of all our love and our romance, and of all our work. That must be the aim of our existence."

Mr. Duveen could not speak: he just rode on, while Euphemia trotted on behind him. On reaching home they had supper, after which they talked far into the night about the morrow until the atmosphere seemed to hem them in, bulging here and there as if it were a vast tent filled with bodies; whereupon Mr. Duveen, who wanted Euphemia to rest before the birth, decided that they must stop thinking at once for fear of anything premature happening, as he wanted everything done in an orderly manner.

So Euphemia fell asleep while Mr. Duveen sat up in bed and watched her, for tears were rolling down her face and she was saying softly to herself, "No, no. We are not seven any more, we are all one." Then she wiped the tears away and Mr. Duveen saw her smile, then he knew she had finally lifted the very best the old earth had had to give, up and up into realms where no woman could love her own child and no one else's.

CHAPTER VIII

A NEW BIRTH

EARLY the next morning Mr. and Mrs. Duveen got up and dressed with great care, they then had breakfast and put the house in order. It was a glorious morning, the very morning to make a new beginning. The birds were singing, the trees and flowers stood up with dignity, not a leaf was withered, not a dead flower was to be seen, everything was living.

Mr. Duveen brought the horses round to the front door and he and Euphemia rode away to the hills. And as they rode through the fields and saw the cattle grazing and noticed the coveys of partridges and other birds flying overhead, they pulled up their horses and watched them for some moments, and Mr. Duveen said to Euphemia, " I don't see how we can any longer

kill to eat, yet how shall we utilize all these gifts from God to man ? "

Euphemia thought deeply until her thought clarified and she said, " There is only one way that I can see at present, and that is for you and me and all the men and women who come after us to use the dominion God gave us over the fish and cattle and fowl of the air. We must all know that as there is no death for man, neither is there any for cattle, or fowl, or for the fish of the sea : and that as there is no pain for us, neither is there any for them either. We must expect the cattle to run into the purlieus of butchers' shops and quietly lay down their bodies, and the fowl of the air to fly gracefully down and give up theirs. We must all take it for granted that the fish of the sea will swim towards the bait to be caught for men's use. In fact, they will all lay down their shapes while their minds think new ones. In that way they will go on living for ever and ever ; there will be no more pain or death for any of them any more unless we sin and think there is."

Mr. Duveen said, " You have a wonderful

vision, Euphemia, and I really don't know where I should be without you, in fact I don't know where anyone would be without vision." And he opened his Bible and read these words, written in emeralds: "Where there is no vision the people perish." Then he closed it and they rode on until they reached a great plain bordered with fairly high hills. They rode to the top of the highest one, where they had a grand view of the plain and of the surrounding country. Whichever way they looked they could see for miles, and they sat still on their horses praying for strength to keep their thoughts about men and women, and of cattle and of the fowl of the air, and of the fish of the sea, and of the weather, and of trees and flowers, right up where they were to-day. They saw that if they could only do so, this must be a wonderful start with a glorious finish. "Or better still with no finish at all," said Euphemia, "just on and on from one wonder to another." This remark made Mr. Duveen see that although Adam and Eve had made a bad start, and possibly hundreds of couples had done so since then, and because now

he and Mrs. Duveen were making yet another attempt, it did not mean it was the beginning of God's world, for that must have been going on from everlasting to everlasting. They realized there need be no finish to a really good start from Him, although mercifully for all concerned the end of the Adam and Eve effort did seem in view.

"Yes," he said, "I'm quite sure that if life is thought, then eternal life is thinking for ever."

"Yes, but God's thoughts," said Euphemia. "We must make everyone see that; and Henry, if everyone thinks as you and I are thinking to-day, you will see we shall have different bodies altogether, our thoughts will make entirely new bodies, and the effects of centuries and ages and cycles of sensual thinking will disappear. Think of it, Henry, men free at last, no longer slaves to their tiresome bodies, and women no longer with bodies that tempt and drag men away from God.

Mr. Duveen followed every syllable Euphemia uttered, then he said, "Can you form any idea of what we shall be like?"

"No," said Euphemia, "it will depend entirely upon our thinking, the more perfect our thoughts the more perfect will be our bodies."

Mr. and Mrs. Duveen remained still while they thought the grandest thoughts they could about their fellow-men. And as they sat on their beautiful black and white horses, whose coats shone as a result of their master and mistress's spotless thinking, they looked so noble, yet so gentle, so great and yet so humble, that had Mr. Duveen ridden through the streets of Lewes no one would have recognized him, yet his hair was dark and was brushed straight down over his forehead as he used to wear it, and his face was pale. Could Euphemia have returned to Sinaloa none of her companions could have recognized her, so greatly had she increased in beauty.

Mr. Duveen opened his wallet and took out a paper on which he had written the ten statements of Truth, and said to Euphemia, "I think you had better stay quietly here to watch the great birth from this hill, while I gallop down into the plains and up on to the hills blowing my horn and crying out the Truth. I shall gallop to

various spots and shout each Statement. Then I shall blow my horn again and gallop to another, and so on. Then I shall return to you, and what I would like you to do is to stay here quietly keeping your thinking up, for of course I don't exactly know what will happen when centuries of dead begin to think God loves them. There will undoubtedly be great mental activity, and we must be calm and unmoved, no matter what happens, for until everybody thinks God loves them, we won't give out the next Statement of Truth. Don't you agree, Euphemia ? "

" Indeed I do, Henry," she replied, " but I believe they will all be only too glad to believe it. I shall keep on thinking that nothing can stop them believing it. After all, what is there to stop them ? Just open the Bible, Henry, and I think you'll find the very words which convey what I am trying to say."

Mr. Duveen opened the Bible at the 5th chapter of Galatians and read : " Who did hinder you that you should not obey the truth ? "

" I thought so," said Euphemia, " and because Adam and Eve brought in evidence to stop

people believing God loves them, there is no reason why anyone else should."

Mr. Duveen thanked God again for Euphemia, and when he had given her the sandwiches and a bottle of water which he had brought in his pocket, he galloped down the hill blowing his horn, while Euphemia sat erect on her black horse watching him with delight as he disappeared across the plain. Then when she heard him shout "God loves you," she shouted "God loves you," and her great black horse neighed as much as to say, "it's true, God loves you." Then the air began to undulate and move, and to form itself into little cloud-like shapes, till millions of little clouds began to gather round Euphemia. She could hardly see anything else, they pressed on to her, almost pushing her off her horse; but she was not dismayed. She went on crying out, "God loves you," and the cloud-shapes pressed against her so that her horse began to rear and neigh; but Euphemia raised her voice and cried still louder, "God loves you." Then she heard her first child's voice say, "God loves me," and then a baby's voice piped, "God

loves me," while old men's and women's voices took up the song, took it up with joy until the words became a mighty roar. Then Euphemia heard Mr. Duveen blowing his horn and straining her eyes she saw Mary Grey snorting through the cloud-shapes covered with foam, which flew around her like foam from a great wave breaking on a rocky coast. Mr. and Mrs. Duveen stood still to listen to the countless millions singing the 1st Statement of Truth, until Euphemia said, "And now, Henry, the 2nd Statement." Whereupon Mr. Duveen charged Mary Grey through the crowds of clouds again and blew his little horn and shouted, "You are all God's grown-up, intelligent sons and daughters now." Then there was a great calm. All the voices ceased, and the cloud-shapes knocked each other about like children's air balloons. Mr. Duveen realized that at present the thought was beyond them, so he raced back to Euphemia and was so thankful to find her as hopeful as ever, still singing at the top of her voice, "You are all God's grown-up sons and daughters now." She maintained this truth until a voice said, "But I'm a baby,"

and an old voice croaked, "And I'm eighty years old," and voice after voice began to contradict the 2nd Statement of Truth. Then Euphemia stood upright on her great black horse and shouted, "You are not babies: you are not old or decrepit, you are all fully developed now. So, please, dear children, don't think so any longer, for you can never come here and enjoy this wonderful world God has given us as long as you do." And as everyone wanted to come they all tried to think the truth. Finally they did, for, first of all, a few voices began to pipe the 2nd Statement, then gradually more and more took up the song, till untold millions sang together, "We are all God's grown-up intelligent sons and daughters now." And as they sang the cloud-shapes solidified until they looked more like millions of snow-men than anything else. Mr. and Mrs. Duveen and the horses and Bruce just stared in amazement, until Euphemia said, "Now, Henry, tell them they are all beautiful." So he did, and the snow-men expanded. "Now healthy," she added. When the snow-men heard that truth they held themselves more upright

"Now tell them they are happy, very happy, Henry."

But before Mr. Duveen could speak the snow-men began to sing out with joy, "We are all beautiful, healthy, and happy now," whereupon Mr. Duveen blew his horn and cried aloud, "You are all God's humble servants now." The throngs were so delighted with their lot that they sang out, "Thank God we are His humble servants and nothing else." Then the vast concourse of what seemed like snow-men bowed their heads and remained quite still for some time, till Mr. Duveen blew his horn again and said, "You have all you need now: everyone of you has home, food, clothes, friends, companionship, flowers and pleasures now." Then he took out his Bible and searched for a while, before he told the snow-men that "at God's right hand there are pleasures for ever more." Immediately there was a mighty roar, millions and millions of voices praising God for loving them, and singing, "How much God loves us, for at His right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Presently they stopped to hear Euphemia's clear, calm

voice say, "You are all honest now," and the snow-men just listened. Then smiling with delight Euphemia sang out, "You are all clean now," and the whole world stood still to hear this great privilege which God gave to all His children, but which so few had availed themselves of on the old earth. While they sang, the snow-men literally sparkled with joy and animation.

Then Euphemia said, "Henry, you tell them the rest." So Mr. Duveen blew his horn and the world stood still again to hear him tell the inhabitants that they were all truthful. He wanted everyone to digest this Statement of Truth well, so he waited quite a long time before he spoke again and said, "You are all active now." The snow-men then began to move and quiver so much that Mr. and Mrs. Duveen realized the birth was imminent, so they hastily cried out, "You are all one great happy family of God's children now." Then Mr. Duveen thought for a moment before he added, "And you all talk the same language now." He repeated this great truth several times, then Euphemia said,

"Oh, Henry, quickly, quickly, tell them they are all suitably dressed now," and he did. Then their eyes became riveted on the snow-men, and Mr. Duveen opened his Bible and said to Euphemia, "This is what is happening," and he read her these words: "As a vesture shall they all be changed," and even as he spoke the snow-men fell away like a chrysallis.

And behold, the whole earth was covered with beautiful men and women, all delightfully clad according to their own individuality, and the grace and grandeur of God's sons and daughters surpassed imagination.

Mr. and Mrs. Duveen and the horses and Bruce were obliged to close their eyes for the splendour dazzled them, until the song of the people made them all look up again, for the whole community was singing, "We are all God's happy family: we are all clean, beautiful and healthy now." Then with a great roar they shouted with joy, "We are all God's intelligent, active and successful children now." Then a wonderful thing happened. Every single creature began to manifest activity of some kind: vast groups of

men walked away to the mountains to explore and search for iron and coal, others marched in bands to plan out towns, while those who were interested in engineering discussed bridges and railways. Those who felt a desire to fly set to work to find sites for aerodromes, while those who felt they could express themselves best as farmers ran off and took up land. No one begrudged anyone else land, for they knew that there was enough and to spare for everyone. In the midst of all this animation and activity there were men and women quietly examining the vegetables and breaking up rocks to find colours, which they immediately began to grind into powder to use as paint, so that by three o'clock on the first day of his birth there was a man painting a group of horses in a meadow, unmoved and undisturbed by the throngs who tramped past him, because they did not stop and stare and make remarks, as on the old earth, for everyone was as eager to express himself in his own particular way as the artist in his—a state of affairs singularly absent in Adam and Eve's family.

While all this was going on Mr. and Mrs. Duveen never moved from the mountains. They sat on their horses looking down at this wonderful universe, thinking the most helpful and beautiful thoughts they could about their fellow-men and women. As they watched this unparalleled display of right and intelligent activity, they noticed a magnificent man dressed in a blue linen coat and trousers go straight to a ditch and dig out a lump of clay, then without a lesson or a single tool considered necessary in the Adam period, begin to mould and shape a figure of such rare beauty that Mr. Duveen said to Euphemia, "Think of it. Only born to-day, and yet if Michael Angelo could see what he is doing he would say, 'that man does better work than I did.'"

"Perhaps he *is* Michael Angelo," said Euphemia.

"Impossible to say," answered her husband. "Besides, it seems to me it doesn't really matter who or what anybody was before, it's what there is of them that never died and never can die that is interesting. For instance, look at the

intelligence they are all displaying: that hasn't died. They always had it, though scarcely anyone used it. Look at their beauty, grace, and dignity; death has not robbed them of that. Our wretched thinking hid it, but we were all beautiful and grand all the time, only we didn't realize it."

Then Mr. Duveen spoke quietly to Euphemia and said, "I feel I want to tell them all why they are here, for it is so pleasant to know why one is anywhere. If you remember no one had the slightest idea why they were born into the old world. I also feel I should like to tell them what marriage is, in case they invent some sort of travesty of the idea for themselves, as Adam and Eve did, for it's easier to keep out of trouble than to get out. When you consider how that fatal interpretation of the word has lasted in spite of tragedies and sorrows, that should have exposed its hopelessness centuries ago, it is very important to have the word clearly defined. Therefore I feel we must be very careful what we tell them, for so far no one has thought one sensual thought, but as night begins to fall and

they cease work and sit and think and talk, it is most necessary they should have life's real aims and ambitions clearly defined, for you know, although you and I have just begun to see why we live, so far their thoughts have not soared beyond intelligent activity, and the knowledge that they are beautiful, clean, honest and happy. So don't you think we had better go to the top of the highest mountain we can find, and pray God for strength and courage and inspiration ourselves, so that we may be in a position to encourage and inspire a world ? "

" I do Henry. Indeed I do," said Euphemia, " for I cannot imagine anything worse than bringing the old idea of marriage here—two people loving each other and no one else, or two people bored with each other, or two people hating each other, one sometimes even killing the other to be free. What limitations and sorrows we imposed upon ourselves ! How we ever stood it I don't know, but we never will again, will we Henry ? "

" Not if we lift the concept of marriage into grander and purer realms. If we don't, history

will repeat itself, so we must pray very humbly to be shown how to do this." So they mounted their horses and galloped to the top of the highest mountain in the neighbourhood. And while this man and woman who loved their neighbour far more than they loved themselves, went away alone to pray God to clear away from their own thinking all desire to assume responsibility for their neighbour's behaviour, and every vestige of desire to be great themselves, and prayed for wisdom to teach the people wisely, and while they filled their minds with love and gratitude to God for this wonderful world filled with His sons and daughters who had never thought a sensual, bad, or lazy thought, the world was a miracle to watch. For no one was old, and no one was what we call young; everyone was at the point of perfection in every respect. Everyone was beautiful yet no one was like another, for beauty was infinite. Everyone was busy, but no trade was in danger of being overcrowded, for work was infinite. Everyone had a place for himself, yet no one was crowded; for space was infinite. Everyone had food and

flowers, for provisions were infinite. Everyone was well and happy, not just a few, as it was with Adam's family, for as God's children worked and planned they sang with joy, "We are all God's happy family of intelligent and beautiful children." Consequently they were, for as far as the eye could see there was joy and activity and beauty, being intelligently utilized by all. So naturally the results were astonishing and rapid beyond the dreams of anyone whose only experiences of existence had been limited to the Adam and Eve epoch, where most people had been content to do work they hated doing, and then had wondered why they did not succeed, and where if one did hit on his right work and because he enjoyed doing it, made a success of it, was immediately hailed as a genius and a great master. For only a few saw that he was just doing what he liked and felt most inclined to do, instead of doing what other people thought he ought to do.

As the sun began to set Mr. and Mrs. Duveen descended the mountain, and galloped across the plain to a place where they had decided to talk to the multitudes. When they reached it they

pulled up their horses while they gazed for a long time at this unprecedented spectacle of a happy world. Then Mr. Duveen blew his horn, and first of all those nearest him stopped to listen, then those farther away, until at length the world stood still to hear him read these words from the Bible: "God created you for His pleasure, for His pleasure you were and are created."

This fact seemed to please the people, for they took up his words with joy and cried aloud, "For His pleasure we are created." Mr. and Mrs. Duveen felt that everyone was completely satisfied with this explanation of their presence in the world. Then he told them that he did not think they could have a grander aim for existence than that of a great King called David, and he told them that this great King's ambition had been: "I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness."

"What a wonderful aim," shouted the people. Then with a mighty roar they sang, "Neither shall we be," and so encouraged by progress Mr. Duveen read again from the Bible, "for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." "That is, it is God's pleasure to give you success,

health, joy and abundance of life for evermore; for," he cried, reading from the Bible again, "At God's right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Then literally picking up the words husband and wife hurled them cycles forward into realms where those whose only concept of the words is limited to the sensual ages cannot even see them, and said, "You are all husbands and you are all wives."

"Husbands and wives," echoed the people, "what are husbands and wives?"

Then quietly he told them that a husband is a man, who loves to protect and help a woman—any woman and every woman he ever meets: there is nothing limited about a husband, he must not love one woman or two, but all women and a wife is a woman who loves all men so much so that if she sees one in any need or struggling in his efforts to become more Godlike, she will go and be a wife to him, and if two of three men need her help she can be a wife to all of them at once, but that every man and woman must have a home or a centre for activity. Therefore he advised every single person to make one, and to take into

it those whose thinking resembled his or her own, because they would all be more useful to the world if harmony prevailed in their homes. He laid down no hard and fast rules for the people, he simply advised them to make themselves as comfortable as possible while they were growing more like God.

"But what is God?" shouted the people. So Mr. Duveen opened his Bible and read, "God is a Spirit," and as all the people (not a few) were intelligent, they saw that to grow more like God was to become more spiritual. But he advised everyone in the meantime to have a nice home and to be most careful to take into it only those with similar thoughts to their own. And he added: "If a man felt he preferred to make a home with one woman, well, let him: if another preferred to live alone, well, let him do so: or if several liked to live together, let them, because the essential thing about a home was that all the inmates, whether few or many, should be as harmonious as possible, so as to be free to work in the world. For," he continued, "it is going to be a colossal work to awake in God's likeness, and certainly

everyone would need a quiet place to return to—a place where those who wanted rest could come." Finally, he gave it as his opinion that a home composed of male and female thoughts was more complete than one where only male or female thoughts prevailed. He told them that his life with Euphemia was heaven from morning till night, for when his thoughts were down she saw it at once, and tenderly and kindly helped him to get them up again, and if hers seemed down he tried his best to do the same for her.

"How glorious!" sang God's daughters. "How much God loves us, to give all of us, not just a few, husbands to help and encourage us if we feel we need them, while we are growing more like Him"; and the men took up their song and sang, "God is good, to give us all a wife to comfort and help us keep our thinking up until we awake in His likeness, for we shall never be satisfied till we do."

Then Mr. Duveen ceased talking while he and Euphemia watched the happy, good-looking, clean crowds disperse. They watched handsome men go off quite happily alone into the forests to

find a resting-place until their homes were built. They saw men and women go home together, and beautiful women penetrate quite alone into the wildest mountain regions, singing with joy, for not one lonely, jealous or tired thought was in the world : no one was afraid of a person, or a place, or of a single thing.

They picked fruit from any tree and ate it. Here and there great bonfires were to be seen, and women's figures could be seen moving busily around them, baking bread, while all around the cattle hovered and the birds flew overhead, or dropped down near the cooks for immediate use. Here and there men and women sat by little fires writing, and Euphemia said, "What do you suppose they are doing, Henry?" "They must be journalists, writing an account of all that has happened," said Mr. Duveen, and Mrs. Duveen said, "I'm glad we told them they are all truthful, aren't you ?"

"Indeed I am," he answered, "for it will save a lot of trouble." As darkness covered the earth and before the people prepared for rest they sang, "God loves us," and tears of gratitude ran down

Mr. and Mrs. Duveen's faces, for the next words they heard echoing through the stillness of that wonderful night were, "We love God because He first loved us."

"You were right, Henry," said Euphemia.

Mr. and Mrs. Duveen did not close their eyes till dawn. They sat all through that long first night of this wonderful new beginning thinking about men—they did not worry much about women. They both thought about men as kind and tender, and as anxious to see women well and happy and as free as themselves. They thought of them as pure and clean sons of God, not as creators of a single thing. They literally took hold of man, every man, and pitched him back into his own pure native air, where he was "When the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy." As they did so they let the lustful, sensual, possessive, prowling son of Adam fall into the dust from whence he'd come. When this was done Mr. and Mrs. Duveen fell asleep, for there was no longer any occasion to stay awake: since they were both absolutely and irrevocably convinced that men are good.

CHAPTER IX

"IN BEAUTY, GRANDEUR, ORDER,
HIS HANDIWORK IS SHOWN"

VERY early the next morning the inhabitants of the world woke up, and the thought that was uppermost in everyone's mind was, 'I am God's clean child,' until one voice after another broke into a song of gratitude to God for the infinite impartiality of his bestowals. "All clean," they shouted. Then unlike Adam's sons and daughters who for the most part had left the gift to lie and rot, they immediately began to use it, and ran off to the rivers, lakes and pools, to swim about and wash themselves. When they had completed their toilets the effect was unprecedented: millions and millions of clean, well-groomed, handsome, well set-up men and women, and everyone's hair was brushed so that it shone like gold or copper, or glistened like jet.

Then wending their way back to the temporary homes or centres for activity, each one took some share in preparing breakfast. Certainly some people seemed to have more pronounced commissariat proclivities than others, but everyone did something. Not a general servant could be seen, and although so far there were no finished houses, and the people were obliged to eat out of doors, sitting on the ground, yet wherever one looked there was beauty and order displayed and even grandeur, for away on the mountains, and by river banks, and on the seashore, thousands of people breakfasted quite elegantly. For those who felt that catering and cooking was their natural bent, had used intelligence and had prepared fish and eggs in ways still undreamed of here, while the tenderest of tender birds hovered overhead near the cooks until he or she gave the word, when flying gracefully to the ground they laid their bodies down, while their minds thought more beautiful ones with which they flew away to see who else required refreshment.

Mr. and Mrs. Duveen rode in and out the happy throngs, thanking God for cleanliness and

order. After breakfast, people did what they felt inclined to do. No nagging thoughts attacked the man who felt inclined to cultivate his garden, saying: "Go, get an office, and sit in it even if your mind is far away." Nor did subtle thoughts attack all and sundry, saying, "You should write a play," or suggest they tear off to the coast and sail away to buy up land in some town that is opening up: or suggest, "Why aren't you a hairdresser, for your father was and his father before him." Nothing of the kind took place at all, he just gardened quietly while those who felt inclined to build or travel or shingle did so. One of the most interesting things was that all the washing-up was done, for there were crowds and crowds of men and women who loved order so much and to whom unwashed dishes were such an eye-sore, that these particular people could not rest until everything was put away, and the fragments of the meal gathered up and given to the dogs.

Many marriages were made that day by men and women who liked being together. Whole families were formed who decided to find houses

and share them when they were ready for occupation. Some men and women sat all day thinking, no one called them lazy, for intelligence was universal, so that everyone knew that thought is father to the deed.

After breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Duveen separated and rode far and wide, helping and inspiring everyone they met to express themselves up to the highest ideals they had so far formed. Mrs. Duveen was splendid, and as she galloped off Mr. Duveen heard her call out to a sculptor who was working on a huge figure representing Love, which unlike such subjects on the old world did not consist of two figures completely engrossed in each other's persons, but was the figure of a delightful looking woman rolling out pastry. "That's wonderful," said Euphemia, and as she pulled up her horse the sculptor put down his tools and said, "I'm glad you like it, Mrs. Duveen, but you know I don't feel I've done it."

"What a glorious feeling to have," she said, "for the best man who ever lived felt that way about everything he did." And she opened her Bible and read the sculptor the very words he had

said, written in diamonds: "I can of mine own self do nothing, the Father that dwelleth in me He doeth the works."

"Go on and on," she said, "don't limit yourself or imagine there is a limit to art or to anything good, for this reason," and she read again from the Bible: "Whatsoever things the Son seeth the Father do, that doeth the Son likewise," and as she galloped away she called back to him, "Don't forget that all things are possible to God." As she said this the sculptor saw that all achievement is possible to man. Thinking thus every barrier to progress disappeared, and in his mind he saw grander sculpture and works of art than any artist on the old earth had even caught a glimpse of. And so he unclasped and tore away the clinging fingers and the age-old tentacles of nudity that had smothered the artists' concepts of Love, Happiness, and Beauty, and set them free to be expressed by anything—by a flower or a leaf, by a cloud, by a mighty elephant. The sculptor saw artists sitting down anywhere to paint, and using anything and everything as models. He saw sculptors putting all the art

they knew into a front door, a railway arch, or a lamp-post, for he saw that beauty being infinite it must be infinitely expressed.

Everywhere Euphemia went she urged the men and women on to grander heights, and gave them higher ideals and motives for work than anyone had had before. "You can play," she told a man struggling to play a violin he had made himself. "You can utilize the music of the spheres. You can't compose yourself, but you can thank God for lending you His music"; that idea showed the man that music is God's and that any man or woman who longs to use it reverently may do so. He saw that no one can use up music, for Euphemia made him see quite plainly that it is infinite.

"Thank God for music," she said, as she rode away, and the musician did, for that night as darkness covered the world, those who loved music but did not wish to play, sat and listened to music that Mozart and Beethoven would have loved to hear, and which in their best moments they undoubtedly did hear. Besides all this Euphemia loved her fellow-women. To the cooks she made cooking a grand occupation, to the factory girls

she called out, "You can do it. You can help to make God's daughters beautiful, and their homes and yours comfortable with labour-saving devices. Nothing can stop you, for you are all intelligent now." And to the man or woman to whose inspiration the idea of each manufactured article was due, she said, "You can love your neighbour as yourself." Thinking thus the inspired one lost himself in the whole, and the factory became to him one great family, giving out to others what God had given them to give. When Euphemia saw this she knew that Capital and Labour had kissed each other.

Day after day the Duveens kept the people's thinking up. To all who longed to build Mr. Duveen said, "Get together and build grand buildings and fine houses for yourselves and others, and splendid Public Buildings and Galleries. Do it all to the glory of God and not to magnify any particular architect. This wider view encouraged the architects who separated themselves into groups, and went about the world bringing into the head-office of each group the best they had to give, where with brotherly love it was moulded into a

glorious whole, so that in quite a short time the world was filled with wonderful buildings built entirely by God, for several times a day the sculptors and masons, carpenters and draughtsmen put down their tools and paused to sing, 'Thine is the Kingdom and the power and the glory for ever.' No one took an inch of prestige to himself. Were they not His humble servants using His intelligence and His love of beauty? Day after day and year after year rolled by without being noticed. Everyone was busy maintaining progress. Often and often when a mighty band of men making a railway or a motor track reached a mountain or some difficult place which seemed beyond their powers to penetrate, Mr. Duveen would gallop up on Mary Grey, blowing his little horn, and the men would pause to hear his gentle voice encouraging them on, but almost always he took out his Bible and read them these words, "Son thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine," whereupon the workmen used the strength, endurance and intelligence which they saw was theirs. As he left them he shouted, "Go forward!" and they did so valiantly that the

engineering feats, the mighty bridges, aqueducts, stadiums and other buildings which sprang up in this new world would have made the best brains of the old one seize up.

Thinking it all over in the cool of the evening, Mr. Duveen saw for himself why the prophet, speaking of the intelligencia and wise men of the Adam period, had felt bound to admit that " The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."

CHAPTER X

REAL CURRENCY AND ROMANCE AND SOME MURMURING

IN quite a short time this new world was in working order : all the towns were planned by those who loved their job, infinite thought was displayed before a house, a garage, or even a newspaper kiosk was built. The grandest designs were accepted from the architects by those who felt themselves municipally inclined, no matter how much stone or labour the design entailed. The grander and nobler, the better the townspeople liked it, for in this wonderful new world money did not limit man's capabilities, since real currency was thought. The markets and shops were a spectacle never to be forgotten ; not only were the buildings grand in design and mostly built of marble, but the shopkeepers exhibited their wares superbly. The fruit and

flowers were arranged in bowls, the like of which no one on the old earth ever saw outside a museum, but here they were in daily use.

All the streets were wide and bordered with trees of every sort and kind, with marble paths and with plenty of seats all along the entire route. Everyone was giving and giving from morning till night—giving service or intelligence or labour, or expressing beauty in art or in the theatre, or concert hall or at the opera. No one felt his capabilities or aspirations limited by money. And no one could limit his neighbours' thoughts nor did he wish to limit his own, so the accomplishment in every branch and department of life was prodigious. For instance, if a man wanted to build a theatre, he sat down and thought about the most beautiful, comfortable and well equipped theatre he could think of. He spared no thought until he had formed in thought the highest concept of a theatre he could, then he went out and found an architect or several who were just longing to build such a theatre. Together they roamed the cafés and rendezvous until they found men who enjoyed hauling stone

and sawing timber. Then when this great theatre was built they sought authors and producers who longed to give pleasure to their fellow-townspeople by producing excellent plays; and they in turn brought actors and actresses who seemed born to fill the parts. Then in gorgeous surroundings and in perfect harmony, they performed to a public who loved to sit in comfort and watch those who could act, do so. One thing that would have astonished people on the old earth was that in every small town there was a splendid Opera House, capable of seating thousands of people, for those who planned the towns knew that no one would come to live in a place where there was no music.

Wonderful churches were built by men and women who were so intelligent that without being aware of the fact they went right back to the architecture of Greece and Rome, and to the stained glass of the Middle Ages, and worked on from there, so that the buildings and stained glass were superb. Every day people strolled in and out the churches in groups or couples, talking about God, or sat alone thinking about Him.

Finance was immensely simplified for there was no usury: no one wanted to make a profit out of his neighbours' needs but only to supply them. Money too, was just necessary for exchange which no one could monopolize or corner because everybody had all of it they required. And as everybody knew that thought was infinite, there were no tedious periods of waiting while the money was collected or guaranteed before an enterprise was undertaken. People were intelligent and knew that they could start thinking about a thing at once, and they very soon found that if they did not use the thoughts that knocked at the doors of their minds, someone else would, for Mr. Duveen constantly read the people this wonderful description of God's thoughts in the Bible: "For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven . . . so shall My word be that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please," which made the people see that they alone would be the loser if they did not use their talents. They saw that the talent could not return from whence it came

without accomplishing that which God intended it should accomplish, and that if they did not use them, others undoubtedly would. So people used the thoughts God gave them, consequently there was no such thing as a poor family or a wretched individual or a drab house, for so far every single person had claimed his birthright as a happy, successful and intelligent child of God, and had not sold it for a mess of pottage. In consequence, the makers of cars, aeroplanes, jewelry, and *objets d'art* let themselves go, so that the exhibits at a motor-show on the old earth, or a display of jewels at Cartier's or a sale at Christie's would have paled in the presence of the work of these magnificent craftsmen with thoughts unfettered by money.

Besides all this there were men and women who loved romance more than anything else. Often they would leave what they were doing, or the cafes where they sat at night, or the Opera where anyone could wander in to hear the music others had captured from the spheres, to follow someone whose behaviour, appearance, or expression showed their thinking was below normal. Many a man

would follow a woman who seemed down, or looked tired or pained or lonely, until he found her. When he did he would stay with her, and read or play, or talk to her, or take her dancing, until she told him why she was down, and if she said, " I'm lonely," he would say, " Lonely in the midst of infinite friendliness ! " or if she said, " I'm poor, he would say," " Poor when all that the Father has is yours ! " If she said she couldn't do her job he would tell her to be grateful for the intelligence she already had, and would tenderly explain to her that unless she used what she had she could not make proper use of any more even if she had it. These Don Juans loved women so much that they never left one of them until they too sang out with joy, " I'm happy, and successful, and loved by everybody now."

Euphemia also loved romance, for one day Mr. Duveen came home and was told by the one whose delight it was to mind their house, that a man had passed by whose head was bowed, and that Euphemia had put down her work and followed him. It was many days before she

returned. In this way the world's thinking was kept right up. Sometimes it fell a point; sometimes on days when the world was full of great lovers it rose far above normal. Then the grandest symphonies and operas were written, epic poems composed, new lands appeared, and men and women were born. But when the lovers were few the expressions of God waxed feeble, till at length there came a day when the thinking fell right down to zero, for when Mr. and Mrs. Duveen were returning by car from a dinner-party the whole landscape was suddenly lit up by lightning followed by a mighty clap of thunder, and the earth began to quake. Mr. Duveen stopped the car and stood up on the seat and looked over towards the city from whence a mighty army of women were rushing madly towards him wailing, "Where are our children? Give us our children, for we are desolate."

Mr. Duveen's heart sank, but he was wonderfully calm, and opening his Bible at the Book of Ezekiel, he waited until the women were near enough to hear. Then picking up his megaphone and pointing to the city they had left, he read

them those epoch-making words, "More are the children of the desolate than of the married wife." Everyone looked back to see what he could possibly mean, but all they saw was the whole landscape black with men. Then Euphemia stood up in the car beside her husband and said, "You are all mothers to each other. Every woman's family is infinite." The women saw that she spoke words of wisdom, so they returned to the city, to the men who had begun to fear that they might lose their mothers. But Mr. and Mrs. Duveen told the chauffeur to drive home as quickly as possible for their one aim was to get the horses and gallop to the top of the highest mountain, where they could be alone to pray to be shown the cause of which this extraordinary behaviour was the effect.

CHAPTER XI

MR. DUVEEN HUNTS AGAIN

AT break of day Mr. and Mrs. Duveen rode down into the plains, and made their way home through driving rain. When they had changed and had breakfast Mr. Duveen stood at the window watching the people ploughing their way through the muddy streets, with no umbrellas, for no one had ever thought of such a thing as it had never rained in the daytime before. As he watched them battling with the tempest he said to Euphemia, "I shall hunt to-day."

"I knew you would," she answered, "so I prepared your sandwiches and filled your flask."

Mr. Duveen thanked his wife, and then told her that he should not return until he had found the fox. "The first bad thought that has come into this new world, and I shall kill it or it will kill

every single one of us." And he pulled out his Bible and read these words to Euphemia : " Of the tree of good and evil thou shalt not eat, for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

" Of course we shall," he said, " even now look out of that window and see the people all wet through : see how they stoop and battle with the elements, and look, their clothes are ruined."

Even as he spoke Euphemia cried out, " Look over there Henry, two cars have collided, see the crowds gather round."

Mr. Duveen made no reply, but he pulled on his top boots and slung his little horn across his shoulders, and said to Euphemia, " Don't leave home at all. Don't go out to look at the trouble ; just stay quietly here thinking the most glorious thoughts you can, for that will help your fellow-men and women far more than anything you could possibly do, and please help me, for I shall need it."

Almost immediately Euphemia opened her Bible and comforted Mr. Duveen by reminding him that in spite of overwhelming difficulties St.

Paul had been persuaded "that neither death nor life, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God." As she closed the book she said, "And so am I," and as Mr. Duveen put on his top hat he said, "And so am I." Then mounting Mary Grey he galloped out on to the main road that led to the sea. When he had reached the coast he stopped for a few moments watching the waves which by this time were mountains high. Many ships seemed in distress, so he turned Mary Grey round sharply and raced her across country, and the way that great white mare took the fences made Mr. Duveen wish that Lewes people could see her.

At length he reached a large city inhabited mostly by miners, and although nothing unusual seemed to have happened there, yet people had begun to grouse. Mr. Duveen knew that once that had started untoward conditions were not far behind; so he stopped in the market-place and people crowded round to hear him tell them that if they would only keep their thinking up in happy and courageous regions, things would be all

right. "Concentrate on what you know is true," he said, "and don't trouble about what you see, for all this bad weather and depression is the effect of someone's bad thinking, and it cannot hurt us unless we let it." As he galloped off he called out, "Look to your thoughts, and your conditions will look after themselves," whereupon many men and women left their work and spent their whole time keeping their thoughts about the city and its inhabitants right up in grander regions than anyone could see that day, so that although it still poured no one seemed to mind, in fact that night the music and joyfulness was as great as on any night since the beginning of the new epoch, because in that city there were grand men and women who insisted on thinking God's thoughts and no one else's.

Mr. Duveen galloped out of the city on to the great North Road, and wherever he stopped to see if he could scent the fox he heard that things were not as usual. Here and there people said their teeth ached, others complained of pains in their limbs. The farther he rode the greater became the evidences that things were getting

worse. Presently he met a man who said he just felt inclined to tramp, that he was tired of regular work and had decided to just tramp.

Mr. Duveen did not stop to argue with him, but as he galloped off he called out, "Don't go any farther down the road. Just stay where you are and think something useful and grand, for the farther away you go the more difficult it will be to get back." The man really admired Mr. Duveen and believed in him, so he sat down by the roadside and lit a fire and then began to think. Presently he took out a pencil and writing-pad and wrote some lyrics, and when he had read them over he was pleased with them, and said to himself, "There must be some publisher anxious for this kind of work." And one good thought followed the other with such rapidity that in no time he had boarded a passing motor, and as he tore past Mr. Duveen, who had stopped many times on the road, he called out, "Wonderful advice, you gave me, and I took it, and I've written some lyrics, and I believe they are the best I've ever done."

This encouraged Mr. Duveen so much that

when further down the road he met ten tramps he told them all to sit down and light a fire and then advised them to begin to express themselves in the highest way they knew. When he had visited a little village which lay off the main road, where he was told the cattle were ailing, he returned to see the ten, but although the fire was burning brightly they had disappeared; so Mr. Duveen concluded they were really active business men or men of affairs who could not express themselves sitting at the roadside, and he supposed that when this had dawned on them they had all with one accord returned to their proper places. The more Mr. Duveen saw, the more he was convinced that all is thought, and that, come what may, he must keep his thinking up, no matter how tempted he felt to let it down. Even as he was thinking this he saw a great mountain burst into flames, and straining his eyes he saw people flying in every direction. So he gave Mary Grey her head, and they ploughed their way through spray and lava to the foot of the mountain where Mr. Duveen blew his little horn, and the people were so thankful to see him

that they halted to hear him read from the Bible, "Be still and know that I am God." Everyone put down their belongings which they had hurriedly rescued from their homes, and Mr. Duveen said to them, "Praise God"; and they did. They sang Psalm after Psalm, and as they sang they forgot everything else, and when they had finished singing they looked to see the burning mountain, but it was not there. So they picked up their bundles and prepared to return home, but as Mr. Duveen was galloping off he stopped and opened his Bible and read them the most wonderful advice that has ever been given to anyone, namely: "Go, and sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto you."

"But we didn't sin," shouted the people.

"You must have done," he called back, "you must have been afraid, or jealous, or proud; or, anyway, some of you must have grumbled and doubted God's intense love for you."

The people knew that he was right, so they ran home, praising God and thanking Him for being there all the time, though for a few moments they had forgotten that grand fact.

Mr. Duveen was irrevocably convinced that the world was just as perfect as on that first wonderful day when he had found himself alive with his Bible. He would not be influenced by anything he saw, but it was not easy, for as he rode on his way he met an army of men whose fine faces were distorted with anger, and whose upright figures stooped like tigers about to spring. Mr. Duveen asked for an explanation of their conduct, and a man who had made himself their leader said, "We are not satisfied, for the men north of the river have more fertile lands than we of the south. We want their lands, furthermore we are going to fight until we wrest them from them."

"Why be so foolish?" said Mr. Duveen. "But if you really want more land just sit down quietly and thank God for perfect lands, well watered, and with great trees to shelter them. Thank Him for wonderful lands." So these men who seemed so fierce, but were not really, sat down to think along these lines, while Mr. Duveen rode on till dusk. Then while he was looking down on to the plains from a hilltop he

saw an endless stream of men, women, horses and covered wagons treking far away out west. He wondered what it could be, until it dawned on him that the fierce men had realized that land is as infinite as thought.

When night came Mr. Duveen had failed to find the fox, and although he was very tired he could not rest, for everywhere the signs of trouble were becoming more evident. The whole world seemed charged with uncertainty and doubt. People had begun to grow reckless, while the singing, dancing and laughter was quite unlike anything that had been heard before. Beads of perspiration poured down Mr. Duveen's face as he passed the cafés and places of amusement. He did not know what to make of it all, but he felt there was no time to lose. For he knew that the deeper the trouble became, the harder it was going to be to get out of. So he turned to the right and galloped into a great forest full of grand trees, and the ground was a carpet of wonderful moss.

Mr. Duveen led Mary Grey in and out amongst the trees, until he reached a little clearing where

by the light of the moon he saw a woman sitting gazing at something which lay upon her lap, while a man stood bending over her. Mr. Duveen could not see what was engrossing their attention, but he felt uneasy, for Mary Grey began to rear. So he approached the couple, when to Mr. Duveen's horror the man cried out, "See, we have created a child!" and stooping down he took an infant from it's mother's lap and held it up, hoping Mr. Duveen would share their joy, but Mr. Duveen did nothing of the kind; all he said was, "Don't go into the city and don't talk about it. Just stay here quietly until I come again." To the woman he said, "Be very kind to the child," and he told the man to take the greatest care of both of them, then, promising to bring provisions, he galloped away—in fact Mary Grey ran away for she felt as anxious to be gone as her master, she tore over hills and dales, for she well knew that after witnessing such a disheartening spectacle he would need to go to the highest mountain in the neighbourhood to clear out of his own thoughts all sense of discouragement. Even Mary Grey

felt the effects of man's departure from holiness, she too longed to sniff the crisp, pure air of the mountains. On reaching the top of the mountain they rested for a while, then Mr. Duveen patted Mary Grey who was now much calmer and let her go. Then he said to himself, "Now, no fables, but facts." So he got out his Bible and read these words, "I have made the earth and created man upon it," but he had hardly read them when he experienced exactly what St. Paul experienced: he felt conscious of being two people, one maintaining that God made man and the other that man makes man. Now Mr. Duveen stood up to this other side of himself—not that there was much of him, for he had already almost annihilated him in earlier encounters—but he took what was left of him, and wiped the mountain-top with him.

"You ignoramus," he said, "you worse than ignorant, you blind and naked." Then he set his foot upon his opponent, while he told him that in the Bible are these words apropos of the ignorant: "The times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth every man to repent."

"Repent of what?" whined his other self. "Of our presumptuousness—of our incredible presumptuousness for considering ourselves creators."

"But in yonder forest are a man and a woman formed to create, furthermore they have created," snarled the adversary. But Mr. Duveen held his ground and shouted, "You lie," then he took out his Bible and read his opponent his own description, "You were a liar from the beginning," and added, "Men and women have formed their own bodies to create—never God, they have formed themselves according to their own thinking. How can any sane person expect cycles and cycles of sensual thinking to result in any other sort of bodies than the ones we now have. The amazing thing about it all is they are not much worse than they are." This enraged the enemy who hissed out, "A beautiful nude body is the finest sight in the world."

"You would think so," said Mr. Duveen, "but you'll have to change your ideals for hear what it says in the Bible:

"'Unto Me every knee shall bow,'" then he

turned over the pages until he found these words and read them to his other self, " It is only a question of time till they all know Me from the least to the greatest." The adversary was now so weak he could only whisper, " Know who ? " But Mr. Duveen's strength was increasing every instant and he said, " Know God, and that He is God and beside Him there is none else.

" It is useless," he added, " to strive with your Maker, for here in Isaiah it says : ' Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker. Let the potsherd strive with the potsherds of the earth.' It is useless to go on striving and if you tell me there are ten thousand forest lovers who have created ten thousand babies, it will still all be a dream and an illusion. It will never be true, because God made all that was made, and without Him was not anything made that was made."

Now Mr. Duveen was alone, his enemy had disappeared and his thoughts were higher than they had ever been, but at the same time he was convinced that this affair of the forest baby must be dealt with or it would occur again. He

saw that if it did there would be no escape from the conditions and limitations of the old world. No, it must go right out of mind, and he prayed very, very humbly for help, and asked God for wisdom, so that he could put his case to the people so clearly that all would realize the mad and wanton folly and waste of glorious opportunities and chances of success and happiness, if men again insisted on considering themselves creators, condemning each other to the birth processes of the Adamic epoch instead of realizing that men and women are always the grown-up, intelligent and perfect children of God. Mr. Duveen knew quite well that if this vain idea was let loose in this new, glorious world, every sort of limitation would follow in its train, and he became hot all over as he realized that ere long that age-old barrier to happiness and progress called Usury would put in an appearance.

Mr. Duveen prayed with the humbleness of a child; he really became "as a little child," till he entered into the kingdom of heaven—that is, until he became happy and contented, and absolutely convinced that all the wisdom, success,

and help necessary for him to help his fellow-men was present now. He sat still for a little while and listened to the night birds, then got up and did what King David had done: he considered the heavens, and while he was doing so, he suddenly heard someone singing on the mountain path, and as he listened he heard these words sung in a strange accent, "It's a long, long way to Tipperary."

Mr. Duveen was dumbfounded, he ran down the mountainside to see who could possibly be singing such a song. His amazement was profound when he saw a magnificent man whom he knew well by sight, and who, he understood, was a poet, running towards him, stretching out his arms and smiling with delight, and saying, "Oh, Mr. Duveen, I'm so glad to see you, for I don't know what has come over me.

"It was like this," he began. "I was sitting writing a play. My wife had gone to bed with a headache, the first time I've ever heard of such a thing. I said to her, 'Headache. What's a headache?' and she spoke in a way she don't belong to speak in. I tell 'ee, Mr. Duveen, she's

been that queer lately, she even scat the clome as she washed 'em, a thing she don't belong to do. Well, as I said, I was writing a play, when suddenly I remembered the last years of my past life. It was 1914. The whole thing passed before my very eyes. I remembered I was a Cornishman and that I worked in the tin mines at St. Just. I saw Cornwall, and when I saw the skies and hills, and when I gazed at Zenner Cromlechs where I was born, them cromlechs I used to think the grandest sight eye could light on—for Mr. Duveen, I roamed the world. A Cornishman do dearly love to travel, but always no matter where I went I used to say, 'Give me Zenner Cromlechs.' But when I see 'em again I wished I needn't look, for there was something missing. There is something here they have not seen there yet. Then came August. Was you in the war, the Great War?"

"No," said Mr. Duveen, "I left the earth in what was called November, 1913. There is no time here at all, for, as it says in the Bible, 'One day is with the Lord as a thousand years.' The old ways of reckoning time are of no use here

whatever. I gather you lived on the old earth longer than I did. This war you allude to must have taken place after I left my native town of Lewes."

"Lucky for you, Sir, for I tell 'ee that was a war, if you like." Then this man told Mr. Duveen the whole story of the war. He described the early days in August. He had gone over to France quite early in September and had fought at Mons, had been slightly wounded and had recovered and fought again at Loos, again wounded, but recovered and was sent to Mesopotamia.

He described it all so graphically that Mr. Duveen realized he must be hearing all this history for some purpose; he knew he would never be asked to look back for nothing. He remembered Lot's wife, and "forward" was his motto. He wondered why he was being told the history of these battles between Adam's children. And so he got out his Bible and opened it at the Book of Exodus, and there read that when Moses was afraid and doubted his own powers of eloquence to persuade the King of

Egypt to let Israel go, God had said to Moses, "Is not Aaron the Levite thy brother? I know that he can speak well, and behold he cometh forth to meet thee, and when he seeth thee he will be glad in his heart."

Now Mr. Duveen felt sure that this Cornishman was for him what Aaron was to Moses: he was sent to help him to show the people how to pull themselves together before every man and woman fell into the same deep sleep as Adam had, a sleep which might have quite as many, if not more, bad dreams in it as had that of Adam—a sleep from which only intense suffering might awake them. Mr. Duveen loved his fellow-men so much that he felt he would spare no pains to help them to keep awake. So he silently thanked God for the Cornishman, and then asked him his name, and the man said, "My name is Pengelly."

"Well, Mr. Pengelly," said Mr. Duveen, "I must go to the forest now, but I will be here again soon after sunset. Will you meet me here?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Pengelly, "for I'm here to help you."

Mr. Duveen mounted Mary Grey and galloped

off to the city, and as he rode through the countryside, he saw a great deal that troubled him, but he could not delay. On reaching the city he collected several things and put them in a sack which he fastened to his saddle; then he raced away to the forest. But he dismounted before he reached the forest family, and left Mary Grey to graze while he walked the rest of the way. As he drew near the place where they had built themselves a hut, he could not help hearing the man say, "Oh, for a night's rest," and the woman answered, "If you are tired, what must I be, for I've been up with him all night, and I can't help thinking we've done something wrong in bringing him here at all." Then the father said, "What are we going to do with him? What a responsibility we've taken on! Oh, I almost wish we had let well alone."

Then Mr. Duveen brushed his way through the dense foliage and began to comfort them. He told them that they must make the very best of it: that this child had never asked to come here, but that having brought it, they must do their utmost for it. He explained to them that

to create a child and then leave it stranded was the worst crime one could commit, because the child was entirely dependent on the parents. Who else could he depend on until in course of time he possessed thoughts of his own ?

Then the woman kissed the child and said she realized all this and that she loved it as herself, and would not be without it, yet she wished she had not brought it here, for, said she, " God is the only creator, and I knew it all the time really, only the man persuaded me; now I am sorry, not so much for myself as for the child, for think what he has got to go through. See, Mr. Duveen, he has no teeth, he cannot even walk, nor yet feed himself. He is entirely at my mercy. Just think, if I were not kind, where would he be ? "

Mr. Duveen was very sympathetic and tried to comfort the woman. He told her not to condemn herself or pity the child, but to keep on thinking about God's perfect children as she had always seen them before this lapse back to the age when men were born of women, and were in consequence of a few days and full of sorrow. Furthermore they were like the grass which to-day is in

the field and to-morrow is cast into the oven. The woman did as she was told, and while she minded her baby to the very best of her ability, she sang praises to God until her song became a veritable pæan of praise. Then Mr. Duveen left them and rode home to tell Euphemia that he had found the fox, and to discuss with her the best way to destroy it.

CHAPTER XII

THE FOX

ON his arrival home Mr. Duveen went straight into the garden to look for Euphemia, for he was sure she would be there watching the sunrise. When he had found her he stood beside her for a few moments revelling in the beauty and grandeur of the scene. Then he suggested they should sit down as he had a great deal to discuss, and not too much time at his disposal. When they had found a pleasant place to sit, he said, "Well, I have found the fox, and it is the most cunning one there ever has been or ever will be. It is going to take all the strength, courage, and wisdom God has given us, to destroy it."

"What is it, Henry?" asked Euphemia, "something too terrible to look upon, I suppose."

"Terrible. No, that is just it. I wish it were,

it would be easier to tackle; but the fox is as subtle as the serpent, for when I found him how do you think he was disguised?"

Euphemia could not imagine, so Mr. Duveen continued: "I found the most wonderful looking couple with their baby, all three of them looked so charming and so helpless; I can assure you, Euphemia, it took every inch of my spiritual understanding to hold on to the progress in thinking we have so far achieved. It would have been as easy as possible for me to fall into just as deep a sleep as fell upon Adam."

"How did it happen? I did not think a thought of that kind had ever come into this new world."

"It certainly has," said Mr. Duveen; "this man must have indulged the thought and believed it was a pleasant thought and one to make him of consequence, then undoubtedly he went to the woman and persuaded her that it was a thought to make her of consequence as well, so they both indulged in sensual, self-important, self-creative thinking, until these thoughts objectified themselves in a child. What else could

be expected when we know that 'as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.' However, it's useless to look back, for if we do we shall simply be turned into pillars of despair. I feel I must lose no time in deciding upon some plan to stem this onrush of sensual thinking before this glorious world is inundated with children of men. For if that happens we shall again see the inhabitants split up into little families, all wanting the best for themselves and nothing for anyone else. And the grand idea of a universal family all looking to one Father, and every man regarding his neighbour as his brother and his sister will disappear, and again we shall hear of nothing but 'my son and my daughter.' Such a limited concept will exclude all other sons and daughters from the mind of anyone who calls a child his own. God is the only Father. Oh, if only they would stick to that! Could words be plainer," and he opened his Bible and read aloud, "Call no man your father upon the earth, for one is your Father even God."

Then Euphemia said, "Henry, I can see what my work is. It is to go to the mother and help

her manage the baby to the best of her ability, but at the same time we two women must look right up beyond that little bundle of flesh and bones. We must keep our thoughts on the only child we know, that is on the one we saw when the snow-men fell away, and we will not let our minds dwell on anything but the perfect grown-up child of God, and, Henry, while we two women are doing this as well as we know how to, at the same time keeping the baby as clean and peaceful as possible, you must ask God to show you a way to stem the tide."

"I know I must," said Mr. Duveen, "for I cannot imagine what will happen if we don't, so rapidly is the barometer of thought descending."

Almost immediately Mrs. Duveen went into the house, and prepared for a stay in the forest; then mounting her great black horse she galloped away to love and comfort the woman and the baby. But when the woman saw her she tossed her head with an air of superiority, at which Euphemia took no notice. She just said, "I've something for you. Wait a few moments," then

going over to her horse she untied the sack which was fastened to the saddle and opening it she took out one by one the things which mothers love to see, such as soap, powder, and safety-pins, and lots of warm woolly materials. The woman was so pleased that she forgot her own importance. Euphemia peeped at the baby, and seeing he was sound asleep she said, "Shall we do a little washing?" The woman said, "Oh, but there is such a lot of it, the child hardly ever sleeps as he is now. I've had to walk about with him nearly all the time."

"Never mind how much there is, we'll do what we can," said Euphemia. So these two women—the one far more beautiful than the best the old earth had had to give, the other a glorious flower that had begun to droop—went down to the river to wash the clothes of the first man's child, and Euphemia said to herself, "If we are faithful he will be the last." But to the other woman she said, "Now while I wash, you rinse the things and spread them out in the sun to dry, and while we wash, instead of talking as one easily might, that is discussing the baby's

health and resemblance to its parents, we will try to let our conversation be 'Yea, Yea, and Nay, Nay,' as we are told in the Bible all conversations ought to be." So Euphemia rolled up her sleeves and began to wash, and when she had soaped the garments she began to sing : " Father, I am so thankful I know that You made us, that we did not make ourselves. Father, I laugh with delight when I consider that we are Your image and Your likeness. I dance with happiness when I realize that we are the daughters of the great King and that we are of Royal descent. Think of it ! " Then she paused to scrub the baby's garments as white as snow before she laughed aloud with joy, and said to her friend, " Take a good look at me, for I am a King's daughter." Then she kissed her friend and said, " And so are you, darling. And now it is your turn to nay—nay." So the woman, who was looking better already, spoke with authority and said, " Man is not of a few days and full of sorrow ; nor was he brought forth in iniquity and never will be. Neither is he an infant, nor an ancient of days." Then Euphemia dried her

hands on her apron and took out her Bible and read aloud these words: "Cast out the bondwoman and her son, for the son of the bondwoman shall not be heir with the son of the free woman.

"So, then, we are not the children of the bondwoman, but of the free."

"Of course we are," said the other woman. Then she kissed Euphemia, and told her that for a small moment she had pitied her because she had no baby and had even dared to think herself of more consequence. Whereupon Euphemia replied that lots of people had done that on the old earth because they never troubled to improve their minds by reading the Bible, where it says as plainly as words can: "Rejoice, thou barren that barest not, for the desolate hath many more children than she that hath a husband."

When the linen was all spread out the women returned to the baby who was lying on his back gurgling with delight, and as the mother looked at him she said, "I'm positive he has grown, and look, Euphemia, his mouth is full of teeth and he is but a few days old."

"Ah," said Euphemia, "but 'one day with God is as a thousand years.'"

So the mother picked up the child and fed him, while Euphemia remade the cot and attended to the child's comfort with the utmost tenderness. Yet they were not deceived by the fox, so thoroughly were they persuaded that God made man.

CHAPTER XIII

MR. DUVEEN WRITES AN ESSAY

WHILE these two grand women trod on human birth and lifted their thoughts right up into God's creation, where everything that He had made He pronounced good, Mr. Duveen sat thinking of some convincing way to prove to the people the folly, misery and disaster ultimating in death attaching to any creation evolved by man. He was tremendously in earnest, his only wish was to save the people from a repetition of the sorrows experienced by Adam and his colossal family.

At all costs that dreadful state of affairs must not be repeated; that forest baby must be the first and last man-made child in this new world. Yes, for the sons and daughters of God had no need to be born of a woman, or of the lust of the flesh or of the will of man, as St. Paul describes mortal man's origin

But, oh, how could he persuade the people, for as he had ridden through the cities he had seen signs of degeneracy on every side, the expressions on some faces had sickened him. He knew there was no time to lose, so he raced through the towns and out over the plains and up the steep mountain path until he reached the top, where he felt he could pray without interruption for wisdom. And he began at once to pray just as King Solomon had prayed, and said: "Give me an understanding heart, that I may separate between good and evil." After a time it came to him that the thing to do was to set forth somehow the horrors attaching to a universe evolved by man in direct disobedience to God who had already made "The earth and created man upon it."

He thought for a while, then he smiled as he saw his way a little clearer. Then he stood up and said aloud, "The films, of course! a great moving picture showing portions of the Adamic blunder," then his face fell for a moment and he said to himself, "But there will be so much of it, for it was all blunder." But he had

never lacked courage, so he took out his fountain-pen and his note-book and began to write an essay which he decided he would give to a scenario writer to adapt for the screen, and he straightway began his story thus :

" God made the world and everyone in it. He made them all beautiful, happy, and wise and perfect like Himself. He loved His family so much that He called them His sons and daughters. All the women (not a few) were beautiful, and were all dressed like kings' daughters, which of course they were. He gave them all that he had : all the beauty, intelligence, happiness, strength, courage, and activity that are His He gave to His entire family. He did not respect persons at all. He gave them life without end ; He gave them pleasures for evermore : He did not withhold one good thing from them provided they walked uprightly in His law, and did not imagine they could do anything independently of His thoughts as written in their hearts.

" But after a time, incredible as it seems, in spite of all His kindness and generosity and love, they began to think themselves independent till

finally their independence reached such monstrous proportions that they considered themselves capable of creating a type of man, and action followed thought until they really began to evolve some sort of a man. History is silent as to what he was like, but when one considers that after cycles of practice the children of men are not much to look at, all said and done, one shudders when one considers what the earliest examples must have been like. Fortunately we do not know.

"We know, however, that he was never really beautiful, grand, or noble, though often so considered, unless he thought great thoughts. When that was the case, noble specimens arose whose presence lit up the periods in which they lived—such as Moses, King David, and Abraham Lincoln. Nevertheless countless numbers of the children of men thought themselves and others beautiful, and for a time they seemed to have good grounds for their claims, but they all vanished like smoke ; there was nothing permanent about beauty, in fact there was nothing permanent about this sort of man at all.

"Moreover, he lasted for such a short period that a great prophet went so far as to liken him to grass which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven ; so short was the span of life these creatures allotted each other. One of the most astonishing things was that although the age limit was about threescore years and ten—though like everything else it varied according to the consensus of opinion upon the subject—yet these self-created people, in full possession of their wits, grossly mismanaged and wasted two-thirds even of this short period in infancy and old age. For to begin with they were born in unspeakable conditions, and for upwards of twenty years were a continual source of anxiety and expense to those who had manufactured them, although no one owned it, for it was customary to make the best of a bad job. People for the most part were fond and proud of their own productions, no matter how they regarded other peoples'. For the love of earthly parents was a limited affair, there was nothing universal about it as in God's family, where He loved all His children equally with an everlasting love.

"Deep down in the minds of human parents was a sure knowledge that their children had never asked to be manufactured, and that therefore it was up to those who had done so to do their utmost for them. However, many people did not share this view, so that it was quite a common sight to see children neglected, beaten, and starved. Sometimes these children's lives were so wretched that they ended them themselves. No one knew why they were born or for what reason they suffered and endured.

"Even a great prophet who was searching for an explanation of this extraordinary state of affairs exclaimed in despair, "Let the day perish wherein I was born and the night in which it was said 'There is a man child conceived,'" and groaned aloud in his distress, saying, "Why died I not from the womb."

"When these man-made individuals reached a certain age they were thrust out into this world to swim in it alone. Thousands sank and they were described as ne'er-do-wells or failures. But it was not always the case. Often they were those who were terror-stricken at the thought of this

self-made universe where one had to fight and struggle and jostle one's fellow-creatures to keep alive, for it was not like God's universe where He ruled in equity. This universe was entirely ruled by gods chosen by the people.

"Because you succeeded in this strange place it did not follow you were a fine fellow though there were really successful people, for all through the cycles and cycles of this colossal blunder there were men and women who knew a great mistake had been made. But for the most part they were burnt or tortured, if they vouchsafed their views, for no one liked the subject being discussed, besides, everyone had grown so used to the mistake that it became truth to all but seers, who implored the people to stop creating and to go right back to God.

"'Leave us alone,'" they said to anyone who volunteered to direct them out of chaos, adding, 'if a mistake has been made, well, it's no concern of ours, and though there is a great deal that is undesirable, still, the world is not a bad place, after all, there is a good deal in it that is amusing and pleasant,' and for their part they were

satisfied. When they were not, some of these people drank or took drugs to drown their doubts and sorrows, while others indulged in orgies of dancing and lust and called that pleasure, while the bulk of them just made the best of things and hoped for better days.

"The gods they served and worshipped ruled these people with rods of iron. Money was one of them. He was potent beyond description. Unfairness was his outstanding characteristic ; he would make people work like slaves to get a little of him, while to others he gave himself in large quantities for doing nothing. Wherever possible he limited endeavour. For instance, it was quite a common thing to hear of a man who could not continue a career or of another who could not educate his children properly because of the power excerised by this awful god to limit good. Many and many a grand and useful project was lost to mankind, buildings and houses were skimped, books and plays were left unwritten, so under the thumb of money were the children of men. They allowed him to tease and tantalize them, they even robbed and killed each

other to feel him in their hands; often he hid himself while a man starved, appearing when the poor creature was dead. To artists and authors especially he behaved like this.

"Then there was the god of beauty. These people had the strangest and most limited concept of beauty, in fact, numbers of them saw no beauty at all outside a woman's face and figure. However, some people realized it was a bigger thing than that, and in consequence were for the most part not understood. But the bulk of the inhabitants of this strange world confined beauty to a woman's face and body, and you could not make them see beyond it. It was their highest concept of loveliness, and sometimes those who were beautiful believed it to be the most powerful gift in the world, and they really seemed to have good grounds for their beliefs until they woke up and found the gift had vanished never to return, for there was nothing permanent about a body; it was just as fleeting as the thought that thought it.

"Many and many were the gods worshipped by the children of men, but the most terrible of

them all was Death. He was also the most mysterious. Sometimes he came without warning, while at others he lingered around indefinitely before dealing his final blow. Death was the cruellest god feared and worshipped by man. He attacked helpless children, and deprived them of their parents. He was essentially a separator. People firmly believed he could deprive them of life. He used this ignorance so ruthlessly that he became more feared than anything upon the earth. People fled before him. However, sometimes he tired of his rôle of a destroyer and appeared as a friend, because there was enmity between another powerful god and himself. This other god was called disease. He also had great power and prestige and liked to use it. But death nearly always wrested his successes from him. However, sometimes disease was so enduring and held on with such tenacity that death could only gain the victory over him by masquerading as a friend. Then these self-made men and women completely changed their thinking and acclaimed him as such. These gods and many others became fixed in the public

mind as being potent beyond all else, and nothing seemed able to wave them out of the way.

" But the chief joy and ultimate of these self-made men and women's existence was to reach a certain age when it was agreed they could in their turn become creators. This period of their sorrowful few days, these men and women invested with enormous importance, so much so that everything else, such as any wisdom, common sense, or prosperity they had hitherto acquired was rudely swept aside, so important was this marriage question amongst the children of men. For the step once taken, limitation set in with such awful severity that naturally everyone wished for a wife or husband who would embody the greatest amount of that attribute which each one felt they most admired. Strange to say the same quality attracted them all, for almost all the children of men were influenced in their choice of a companion by physical attraction, so that even the tilt of a nose, the colour of hair, the shape of a head were potent enough to override every grain of common sense which parents had dinned into their

productions for the first twenty years of what was called their life. Those amongst them who seemed to lack beauty were for the most part left alone, for beauty was limited like everything else; there was never enough of anything good, while poverty, ugliness, or other undesirable qualities seemed limitless.

"Sometimes wisdom prevailed, then more enduring qualities than mere physical attraction were sought. These lasted long after the eye had grown dim, and the step had lost its lightness, or the hair its colour (for all this sort of thing happened to the inhabitants of the earth). These wiser ones weathered the storms, if death and disease thought fit they should.

"Marriage on the whole was not a success, and the older the world grew, the more apparent this fact became, so much so that their own newspapers were full of items describing the disappointments and tribulations of the married. However, they continued the custom until this limited world was full, and existence in it had degenerated into a scramble, so that something was bound to happen." And now Mr. Duveen

saw why the Cornishman had been sent to help him, and just as he was writing this he heard him coming up the mountain path singing, "It's a long, long way to Tipperary, it's a long, long way to go," and looking up he saw the sun had set.

Mr. Duveen took his pen again and began to write, while Mr. Pengelly continued the story thus:

"In 1914 all the world's subconscious and most of its conscious thinking was so hostile that instantaneous combustion might easily have taken place. There was hardly a true thought anywhere sufficiently stationary to be of any real use, for no one maintained his peaceful thoughts, in fact they were so volatile that a newspaper article or the smallest episode could dislodge them, and replace them with thoughts as warlike as that of any war-lord.

"While the thoughts of the German Emperor and his war party remained fixed and immovable in greed and mad ambition, the nation they governed did not see they were being completely influenced by this type of thought, so they fell into the trap and became a nation of soldiers.

"This sustained warlike thinking influenced

everybody to such an extent that a colossal war was inevitable, for none of the other peoples of the world were prepared with better thoughts to meet the attack. Nearly all the inhabitants thought about war, and if they did not actually think of it in terms of shells and hand grenades, they indulged more or less in jealous or critical thinking about almost everybody except themselves, so that in 1914 the world was one vast sphere of cantankerous thinking, to say the least of it, which ultimately objectified itself in war. These were awful days, days without hope, for there was no man or woman whose thoughts were fine enough to soar above the universal thinking and stop above it.

"So the most terrible thoughts were let loose which in time objectified themselves as gigantic guns, shells, submarines, and as aircraft carrying airmen who dropped shells upon their fellow-men and women's heads. Invention followed invention to destroy one another, and those who thought the thought that could annihilate the greatest number of their fellow-creatures at once were called heroes.

"There never was such an orgy of murderous thinking since man commenced to create himself.

"Whole towns were wiped out of existence, together with their inhabitants, while their women and children were grossly ill-treated.

"Day after day the effects of this type of thinking grew worse, and at one moment the hatred was so intense that the barometer of thought did not change or vary for several weeks. This period of thinking was known as the battle of Verdun ; other similar periods were called the Battles of the Somme. Yet when better thoughts predominated, the people who fostered and indulged them were helped in wonderful ways. One of these periods was known as the Battle of Mons. Presently these warlike thoughts spread like flames, licking up the nations till each one threw in their quota of them until the world should have seized up, and undoubtedly it would have done so had not a few, how many we do not know, possibly five as at Gomorrah, pulled themselves together. But somewhere good and peaceful thoughts must have been thought, clung to and maintained in spite of everything

that was said, written and witnessed to the contrary.

"These better thoughts, no matter what nation claimed the thinker, undoubtedly saved the world from total extinction. Gradually the pendulum of thought swung back to better thinking, objecting itself at length as an armistice.

"The thought of the world was tired out, satiated with hatred and revenge; so the inhabitants cried 'Peace, Peace, where there was no Peace.'

"This period was called The Versaille Conference, but the minds of the people were never really cleansed and emptied, so that clean thoughts were poured into minds that were tired, but not changed. Consequently there never was any real peace, and everyone was disappointed. The war was over, days of prosperity and happiness were looked for in vain, for there could be no effect without a cause. The people looked for peace and joy when no peaceful or joyful thoughts had been thought for years.

"Despair clutched at the hearts of the people, as little by little they realized they had fought and

died in vain. To drown their anguish, many of them let their thinking soar away to realms of gaiety and amusement saying that that would drown their sorrows and disappointments and would cause them to forget.

"These people racked their brains to seek out new pleasures and sensations, some went right back to the thinking of the lowest animals and stayed there.

"However, not everyone went so far but there was scarcely a creature who did not suffer from depressed thinking in some form or other. Consequently many people began to wonder about God, crying as Job had cried centuries before, 'Oh, that I knew where I might find Him and come into His presence.' And if they were honest and sincere they found Him as Job had, and saw for themselves why St. Paul had said, 'He is not far from everyone of us.'

"But the bulk of the people were like sheep gone astray; very few seemed to know what to expect. Nothing was settled or as it was in what they called the good old days before the war. No one saw that the 'good old days' was the

good old thinking, and that wasn't really any too good either, though in comparison with the unrest then prevailing it certainly seemed so."

"Then I was drowned," said Mr. Pengelly; "I was out fishing with my boy Robert off the Lizard and a nor'westerly wind blew up and my boat capsized and I thought to myself, 'Pengelly, that's the end of you,' and I really believed it was until I realized God loves me."

"Very interesting and very helpful," said Mr. Duveen, as he put the top on his fountain-pen and placed it in his pocket. Then picking up the pages that were strewn around him, he said to Mr. Pengelly, "now we will return to the city for we have many things to plan and talk about, and there is no time to lose," and he pointed to a distant mountain from which fierce flames were rising high into the sky. So these two thinkers rode home, to give the grandest and most helpful thoughts they could to their fellow-men and women.

CHAPTER XIV

MR. DUVEEN DESCRIBES A GREAT MIRAGE

ON reaching the city Mr. Duveen and Mr. Pengelly walked into a magnificent club frequented by people interested in the film industry. As they entered a lounge they were joined by several members whom they knew. When they had found a quiet place to sit and talk, Mr. Duveen began at once to tell them that unfortunately there was another state of existence apart from the one they were now experiencing; "but," he said, "only Mrs. Duveen and our friend Pengelly and myself have the slightest remembrance of it."

"Another world?" asked everyone at once.

"Yes, another world, or to put it more plainly, another plane of thought, an absolutely different plane, which is the outcome of centuries of diametrically opposite thinking to ours. For, as

you all know, here we think that God creates, clothes, feeds, and blesses us, furthermore we think that everything good—and there is nothing bad—is infinite. But in this other world I'm alluding to they'll have no such thinking. Nonsense they call it. There, everyone thinks that man makes man ; furthermore they indulge in fantastic orgies of thoughts to limit life, food, sunshine, pleasure and prosperity—in short, everything that they can limit, they do, allowing about one per cent. of joy and perfection, and not always that.

" In consequence, you see whole streets of wretched people, whole areas densely populated with people who never dream that all that the Father has is theirs. You see hungry people, sad people, people with no health or next to none, people with coughs, and crooked legs and arms, and with withered limbs.

" It's a terrible place, and I mean to devote all my energies to keeping you all out of it."

" Can we return to this place, or visit it ? " someone inquired.

" No, but you can bring the same conditions

here. And it's just that I want to speak about, for doubtless you have all observed a slight change in the demeanour of many people recently. Possibly someone in your household has altered quite a lot."

Everyone agreed that not only were they not quite themselves, but certainly none of their friends were by any means as usual; whereupon one described a group of people who had all come out in strange spots, and related how a friend of his had met such an one and had merely said 'good day' and passed on, yet in a few short hours he had become every whit as spotty.

Another of the company narrated the story of a man who had lost control of his thinking so entirely that he had run out into the street with hardly anything on. His thinking had sunk so low that he offered to fight anyone who approached him. Others told of falling aircraft, of ships lost at sea, of forest fires, and of many untoward events that were taking place. As Mr. Duveen listened he bowed his head and thought of Moses and how, when he had felt himself totally unfitted to cope with the Exodus, God had told him to tell

the Israelites that "I am" had sent him unto them. This thought fortified Mr. Duveen, and he held himself upright again and thought to himself, "I am able to help the people to think God's thoughts, and with His help I can."

"What sort of place was this other world?" asked someone else.

"A limited sort of place," said Mr. Pengelly. "There were a few plots of earth and a handful of seas, and a few rivers. They had no conception of infinite land as we have. They had it fixed in their heads that there was Australia, Asia—in fact you could count the plots on one hand. It was only once in a billion years that anyone's thought was pure enough to ascend into infinity and see more.

"Furthermore, these men and women made each other, and it was a very slow process indeed, for it took about twenty years for them to reach maturity, which they approached in the most gradual manner possible, since they were not always at the point of perfection as we are here."

"How could they possibly create each other?" asked several people at once. Whereupon Mr.

Duveen answered them thus and said, "My friends, it really does not bear talking about for several reasons, but chiefly because it is possible and highly probable that the procedure changed thousands of times. Even in the few short cycles of time which is all that the human mind is capable of visualizing from infinity, the procedure changed twice. For first of all we are told that a man's rib was woman's grand origin, while soon after this admission men's thoughts on the subject underwent a radical change: consequently their method of creation changed with it, and it became the mode for everyone—men and women—to be born of a woman. But it is not what actually took place that is of consequence, it is what they thought that did the harm. Think of it! billions and billions of people all thinking at once, 'We are creators.' Could anything have happened other than did happen?

"How could such idolatrous thinking produce a single godlike condition? And, of course, it never did. Therefore I don't feel I need bother you with a single detail regarding the *modus operandi* relating to those man-made men and

women's debut into a world as fantastic as their own existence. What we need to do is to be very sure we don't think the type of thought they thought; for, if we do, we shall most certainly be cast out of here as were Adam and his wife."

Whereupon Mr. Duveen pulled out his Bible and opened it at the book of Genesis, and read his friends the description of that unfortunate couple's exit from a world, which, he added, was undoubtedly as pleasant as the one we now inhabit.

"What an amazing story," said an interested woman, "a sham world, a mad world, a balloon of a world liable to burst at any moment, floating about, as it were in the midst of reality."

"What were the inhabitants of this man-made world like?" asked someone else.

"Like the thinking of their progenitors," said Mr. Duveen, "in fact, they were the thinking of the aforesaid thinkers, and nothing else. There was a dreadful sameness about everyone for the most part, because almost everyone thought a great many thoughts that were very like their neighbours. For instance everyone thought they

would die, so they did. Everybody thought they were liable to accident or disease at any moment, so they all were. Everyone thought supply limited, and so it was."

"You mean to say there was no one who saw that the whole thing was a fake?" asked the woman.

"Yes, many," he answered. "Many a man and woman and many a child realized that things were all wrong and felt dreadfully incomplete and uncomfortable, yet, when their greatest Prophet and Seer, the only inhabitant of that dreadful world who saw right through the miserable mistake, and who laboured day and night to make other people see what He saw, told them that having eyes they saw not, and ears they heard not, they laughed Him to scorn."

"What blinded and deafened them in such a remarkable manner?" inquired one of his hearers.

"Lust and the fear of losing him," answered Mr. Duveen, without a moment's hesitation. "Lust was the greatest and most potent god of the heathen. They idolized him, and enthroned him far above all other gods.

"He was credited with being a dispenser of pleasures and delights whose attainments were worthy of any sacrifice. Homes were devastated, hearts broken, lifelong friendships and unions disrupted, while empires fell and thrones tottered before him, so mighty was his sway over these self-made people."

"What was his especial province?" asked an intelligent playwright.

"To make men creators was his self-appointed task, but he had others; for instance, sometimes it pleased him to make himself the sum total of a man's existence. When this happened lust stood by and laughed heartily, while he watched man sink lower than man till even man called man a beast.

"Another of his rôles was to cause men to regard women as so much fodder to be thrown to them. However, his most subtle ways he reserved for women, for to them he made himself part and parcel of creation. Nearly all the women in that universe really believed that without lust's co-operation the multiplication of people would cease."

"Incredible," said the savant.

"Yes," continued Mr. Duveen, "everyone firmly believed this; therefore nearly all women endured conditions very few would have tolerated had they not honestly believed that on them lay the full responsibility of peopling the earth. Furthermore lust worried and upset almost everyone. He intruded on friendships, and separated otherwise thoroughly happy people."

"It is a strange dream you are describing to us," said an intelligent one, "and I see a little more plainly what happened and, as you say, Mr. Duveen, it might easily all occur again."

"If it does," vouchsafed Mr. Duveen, "the end will be death; for, once let the people of this great, good universe cease to think God's thoughts, then demoralization must set in. It can't help setting in; in fact, it has already begun to set in. Here I feel I should like to add that one of the most terrible things about lust is that he hardly ever comes out into the open, for had he once appeared to those deluded Adamites in his true colours he wouldn't have had a leg to stand on. The people would have seen right

through him without a doubt; but he was always disguised as a friend or a benefactor, sometimes just as a smile, and while he remained with people they even took their 'great best name of love' and called him that."

"And you mean to say people were so grossly deceived for any length of time?" inquired the savant.

"Yes, for thousands and thousands of billions of years," answered Mr. Duveen.

"Then their plays and literature must have been entirely different from ours, seeing all their premises were different?" asked the playwright.

"Exactly," said Mr. Duveen.

"Did anyone ever sit through a play of this description?"

"Most certainly, and enjoyed it immensely."

"Impossible," said the playwright; "surely no one would tolerate a play, or a book or poem, or a single thing founded upon a lie and a delusion. Surely they cried out to their playwrights and others, 'Give us Truth.'"

"But, man, they didn't realize they were all at work enlarging, embellishing and augmenting a

blunder. They really and truly thought they were at work on life itself. Consequently everyone settled down to spend the short span of existence they allotted each other in gnawing the bones of its structure, so that almost all their plays and poems were permeated with thoughts of lust, sensuality, greed, hate, and poverty. All their poets sang the same song, and if they varied them it was usually with odes to Birth and Death."

"Death?" asked a film producer, "may I ask what that was?" Whereupon Mr. Duveen told him that it was the only possible end to man-made men, and was quite a fitting end to human birth, since there was really nothing to either of them.

"Anyway, these Adamites lived up to their beliefs, for they seem to have honestly believed their dream was life itself," remarked someone.

"They certainly did," said Mr. Duveen, "and they were all so used to the dream that it needed a tremendous love of truth to spur people to make the effort necessary to gain a true concept of existence. These great thinkers undoubtedly saved the world of dreams we are discussing from

instantaneous combustion. There were thousands of such thinkers. Some were kings and queens, some statesmen, others were humble people, for there were noble thinkers in every walk of life, but the good they thought was almost always handicapped, for, at bottom, all were Adam-dreamers themselves in some respects, therefore incapable of awakening their fellow-men. If only every single dreamer had done what was once done in Heaven, that is, maintained silence for half an hour, they could have pulled themselves together and made a fresh start. That was their only chance, but there was never a lull in their thinking. Even during the night, thoughts of death, birth, vice, lust, and murder were indulged in, and the next morning everyone read the night's vile thinking printed on paper as they ate their breakfast, and the details of a specially bad thinker's thoughts they rolled around their tongues all day."

"What a place!" said the peaceful playwright, who had never thought a hateful or unprogressive thought in his life.

"And now," said the intelligent one, "I

should like to say that if Mr. Duveen considers there is the slightest fear of a repetition of these extraordinary happenings taking place in our midst, that he will give us all a chance to help him cope with the situation."

"Indeed, I will," answered Mr. Duveen with alacrity, "in fact that is the reason Mr. Pengelly and I have come here to-night. We want your help, for after deep thought we have written a rough essay dealing with the Adam dream or blunder, whichever you like to call it. I think you all know that Adam was the name given to the first man who begat a man. I don't suppose he was the first, but he serves as a starting-point. Personally I can think of no better way to stem the tide of heathenism which is pushing its way in here as fast as it possibly can, than through the films. Naturally we shall not be able to portray the whole tragic dream, but we hope to give a rough idea of what took place when man deliberately disobeyed God and tried to think his own world."

"Ah!" said a woman, "now I see it all. This man you describe thought a world of his own, a

man and a woman of his own. He thought anything he liked about everything apart from God."

"That's it," said Mr. Duveen, "and he thought children of his own as well, billions and billions of them, whose thinking in course of time became their world, until there were untold millions of men and women with worlds of their own. Each individual lived in a different world, for no two persons' thoughts were exactly similar; while those whose thoughts were grosser, or poorer, or more sensual than their neighbours' had such bad worlds to live in that they made vigorous efforts to butt into other people's worlds, until the whole condition became a fantastic jumble. There was scarcely anyone who maintained clear consecutive thinking for any length of time; but, if they did, they shone like bright stars out of a dark night. There were quite a lot of these stars."

Now Mr. Duveen told his friends that there was not a moment to lose if this new glorious effort was to remain as lovely as it was when they had all shouted the ten statements of truth aloud with joy. Then giving his essay to one of

the producers to read aloud, he sat quite still, just knowing each one of them was an active, intelligent son or daughter of God. When the man had read the essay, he told Mr. Duveen and Mr. Pengelly that if they would furnish him with all the details they possibly could of this fantastic and incredible world he would adapt them to the screen without delay.

Now all the producers, camera men, stars, and others there present, gladly offered their services in the production of such a helpful film, while Mr. Duveen pointed out to them that the production would take time, for many things would have to be used which as yet no one had ever seen or heard of, such as babies, or bad emperors, machine-guns, and burglars. Neither was anyone in the film industry or out of it familiar with the blind, the halt, or the lame. Furthermore there were no ugly people, whereas in the world they were about to depict the whole cast would need to be either ugly, or at any rate must have something about them to mar perfection, since only God's children could possibly be that.

"Everyone must act, and act, and act," he added, "as they did day and night in this world of dreams, and when their greatest playwright spotted that fact, he wrote, 'all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.'"

Yes, they would act portions of the Adamites' vast dream to the inhabitants of this new and splendid world, which would show up the misery, futility, and utter waste of time and substance which such dreaming engendered.

The intelligent producer now asked to be left alone with Mr. Duveen and Mr. Pengelly to discuss and make copious notes about the dream and its dreamers. So the rest of the company departed, agreeing to meet their colleagues next day at the largest and best-equipped studio in that world

CHAPTER XV

ARMAGEDDON

WHILE Mr. Duveen and Mr. Pengelly and their associates to whom they had vouchsafed the horrors of a man-made world, laboured day and night to produce portions of the blunder as a film; while directors, producers, and camera men battled with stars and crowds who had never seen cruelty, drunkenness, or vice of any sort, or ever dreamed of a birth or a death, the thinking of Mr. Duveen's glorious new start from God tottered on the edges of great precipices, down which Adam and Eve and their colossal family could be seen as plainly as possible. Many looked down and drank deep draughts of horrible thoughts, then wondered why they were depressed or ill, or why their skins were not as pure and healthy as they

had wont to be. But for the most part order was maintained, for there were grand thinkers everywhere. For in this new world even the artists, musicians and authors were given no license in thinking. They held their thought up as high and often higher than their neighbours', for the possession of a few tubes of paint was not considered an excuse or a necessity for anyone to let his thinking drop to zero and stop there, as was permitted to any Adamite who chose to paint, or play, or write.

Often and often, while the world's thinking tottered, a painter would put down his brushes and leave his picture, and go to the highest mountain he could find, to sit all day and often all night, knowing that even a great picture can't help women as much as a kind, tender, compassionate thought can. These thoughts helped women so much that when a great concourse of city officials and business men broke into song and behaved in an unusual way towards women, it was the grand thoughts of the artists, and sculptors, and musicians that saved the situation, and helped the women not to give the city

officials or the business men any encouragement whatever.

This triumph of the arts undoubtedly prevented a devastating drop in thinking. This sort of thing happened many times, for lust fought, he fought with all his might, he tried every conceivable way to get his foot in, but the good thoughts outbalanced the bad every time.

Lust used all his wits and all his ingenuity, but he never really got a hold on anyone, for directly anyone saw his neighbour going under, crowds ran to his assistance, and between them they pulled his or her thinking up, and never left till they had succeeded.

Nevertheless those were dreadful days, for people had begun to think all sorts of thoughts which were not good : for instance, some thought themselves tired and incapable of rising early, others thought themselves poor and then wondered why they had no food or clothes. Many thought themselves ill, and they were ill, while many grew afraid of each other, and forgot that their neighbours were just as much God's sons and daughters as they were themselves. At

length men began to think their needs far more numerous than they were. They were not satisfied with having their daily needs supplied, but began to think of hoarding and laying up treasures for future use.

But how to do it, that was the question, for God gave everyone sufficient for the day, but he never gave them anything for the morrow. And now one of the most harmful and limiting thoughts that was ever thought came into a boatman's mind as he was gently floating down the river, leaning on his oars. He thought to himself that he would try to value God's gifts to man. Yes, he would put his own value on them and teach others to do the same—fictitious values they should be. He would teach the people that some things were valuable, and that others were not. He would persist in this idea until everyone had put right out of mind the ideas they now held, namely, that all good gifts come from God as we require them, whether the gift be a cup of tea, a diamond necklace, or a holiday.

So this boatman turned his boat around and rowed back to the boathouse, where he tied his

boat up and started off briskly for the town, calling out as he walked down the centre of each street, "Bring out your diamonds, who has diamonds?" No one knew what a rogue was, nor were they alert enough to see that the thinking of the world was growing worse each moment, and that unless they were very careful of their own thoughts they would be swept into this downward rush of evil thinking. So they ran out with their diamonds, and gave them to this evil one to do what he liked with. And he made gods of them. He told the people that a diamond was a far more valuable gift from God than almost anything.

"Nonsense," said a woman, "don't tell me that, for a cup of tea or a drink of water when you need it is as grand a gift from God as any diamond."

Now greed and pride of possession began to take hold of the public mind. People began straightway to place fictitious and entirely erroneous values on all God's gifts to man. They valued the flowers, as if they were not all of equal value, since they all came from God, each

one being His present to delight someone of His children or beautify some part of His world.

Presently this type of thinking brought about dreadful results, for it produced the poor—those millions and millions of people who didn't want diamonds or rubies or great possessions, those people who were quite happy living in a simple way. But the evil thinkers called these simple folk the poor, just as similar thinkers had been labelled through the Adamic ages. Now those with vast possessions looked down upon the so-called poor, the so-called rich cliquing with other so-called rich, until this type of thinking gave birth to class distinction, and the evil thnikers laughed the poor to scorn. Then self-pity made its debut, quickly followed by jealousy, till finally it brought forth a thief. In these days the world rocked and swayed back and forth between Adam's viewpoint of existence and Mr. Duveen's broader and grander standards. The two viewpoints fought against each other, good fought evil and evil good. Time after time the two viewpoints remained locked in a grim struggle for days. Thoughts multiplied for a

return to Adam's thinking, while the other side seemed to grow weak; but so potent were good thoughts that they held the ground and maintained supremacy, and though battered and well-nigh exhausted the great and noble thinkers held on until they heard Mr. Duveen's little silver horn, and looking up they saw him racing down through the plains on Mary Grey. And as the great mare galloped through cities and fields the foam flew around her as it had on that great day when the dead had heard the voice of Truth.

"Get you to your picture-houses at once," shouted Mr. Duveen. "Let every man and woman go to the movies. Any picture-house will do, for at noon to-day there is a film to be shown to the inhabitants of the world which everyone shall see."

The people really loved Mr. Duveen; his great true character drew them as surely as a magnet; for although they had let their thinking slip, their hearts were not hardened as were those of Adam's children, neither were there any boastful authors, misguided bishops, autocratic kings or statesmen, cruel emperors, bombastic critics, nor

any cynics. All the inhabitants of this new world were very much like children, and, as St. Paul puts it quite charmingly, "easily entreated."

Just before noon there was not a seat to spare in all the thousands and thousands of gigantic picture-houses which had sprung up in this new world, where picture-houses, like everything else, were the outcome of thought unlimited and unfettered by money, consequently they were as unlimited in beauty, design, and size, as thought itself.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SHOWING UP OF ADAM

COMPLETE silence reigned in every picture-house as the curtains parted and the title of the picture, " The Dream that seemed as real as life itself," shone out in brilliant letters for all to see.

Then followed a short description of the picture about to be shown, which ran thus :

" This picture deals with the dream or deep sleep which fell upon a race of people who called themselves the Adam Race, and there is no record that as yet more than a very few of these dreamers have wakened up. This film has therefore been written, and is now being presented in the hopes that the futility of passing cycles of time dreaming may be apparent not only to the few but to the entire population.

" Those responsible for this film have no doubt

whatever that when the public realize for themselves what monstrous scenes these deluded creatures dreamt, and see the tortures they inflicted upon themselves and others, and behold how fleeting were their so-called joys and pleasures, they will not only keep wide awake themselves, but will try to help these slumberers to awake. Not that they have not been called dozens and dozens of times and entreated to awake. For seer after seer cried aloud, 'Awake, thou that sleepest.' 'It is high time to awake out of sleep.' Still the Adamites slept on, dreaming and dreaming every sort of dream: happy dreams, sad and wretched dreams, dreams where they saw themselves as pompous authors, or as cruel murderers, or as victims of the murderer, or as bishops who never knew exactly what they did believe.

"Many saw themselves as creators and cried aloud, 'I invented this,' or, 'I wrote this,' for 'I' was the pivot round which each dream revolved. All the Adamites sought fame for themselves in their dreams; no one saw that the only worth while fame must come from without the dream. Yet the greatest teacher who ever

lived amongst them spent His life striving to wake them out of sleep, even going so far as to say that ' Greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for his friends ' ; in other words lay down his dream life, and give up imagining himself a creator, a king, an author, a sculptor, a soldier, a critic, or a single thing apart from God. Because he knew without a shadow of doubt that ' God made everything that was made, and without Him was not anything made that was made.' When they refused to stir, he told them that ' Heaven and earth shall pass away but My words shall not,' and they never have and never will.

" Now together we will penetrate into some of the dreams. Most of them are too long and too boring to deal with *in toto*, neither is it the intention of the authors that these pictures be considered a history of the dream. All they have endeavoured to do is to present certain individual and mass dreams taken at random from the dreaming of the ages."

And now the vast audiences settled down in earnest to watch the sort of world man thought when he thought it himself. The first dreams

that passed along were dreams depicting the fall of man, scenes of unparalleled sensuality passed by, culminating in a dream where man was born of a woman. When the vast audiences read the subtitle, "I have gotten a man from the Lord," they cried aloud, "That's not man, man is the image and likeness of God, and that likeness cannot be all infant." But the pictures rolled past; there was no time to talk. Cain's dream passed along, of man actually killing the man he had made himself. Presently the dreams of those who had begun to murmur, that is, think correctly, namely the Israelites, those slumberers who would have wakened right up if they had had a little more grit. Their great dream of escape from the devastating sleep was set forth in a series of wonderful pictures: the plagues, the escape from Egypt, the great lone figure of almost wide-awake Moses urging them on and exhorting them to obliterate from mind the whole dreadful affair, and to go right back to God.

Pharaoh's cruel dream of vengeance, his horsemen and his chariots, with captains to every one of them, pursuing these lighter sleepers to bring

them back to snore the years away with them. Great pictures followed of Moses, rod in hand, filled with faith in God, rushing into the sea right up to his armpits, before the waters gave place for the Israelites to march through on to dry ground. Pictures of Pharaoh's armies following hard on their heels, only to be swallowed up in giant seas.

The audiences gazed in amazement as each picture passed by. Words failed them for the most part. However, when Job's great dream passed along, and they watched his disturbed and troubled dreams, they said, "Poor Job!" When at length he did wake up and cried to God that he repented in sackcloth and ashes for having spent so long just dreaming, and humbled himself so utterly that God gave him twice as much as he had before, the vast audience shouted for joy.

Milton and Dante's grand ascending types of dream interested everyone. The mass dreaming of the Celts and Saxons—cruel dreams most of them—now passed along. The greedy, gaudy dreams of Roman Emperors, followed by dreams of the torturer and of the tortured early Christians. Cries of horror broke from the multitude of

spectators as they saw their waking fellow-men dragged to death.

Great mass dreams of the plague of London now scandalized and shocked the audiences. The sensual dreams of many kings and queens, the weak ones of others, rolled past before the people's eyes. When Joan of Arc was burnt because she did realize that the only help worth anything came from without the dream, the people howled with horror, but shouts of joy filled every hall as they watched Abraham Lincoln wake up sufficiently to see that slavery was a cruel dream about God's children, and as he worked and suffered to wake his neighbours up to see what he saw, the people shouted themselves hoarse with admiration. Tears poured down these people's faces when they saw the greatest Friend of man striving and striving to wake the dreamers up by word and deed, and read these words of His upon the screen, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that stonest the prophets and killest them that are sent unto you, how often would I have gathered thee under my wing, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, and ye would not." These

wide-awake people were amazed beyond measure, and said one to another, "Think of it, sleeping on after all He said. These Adamites were given wonderful chances, but they never took them."

Dream after dream chased each other on the screen: Doctors' dreams of bodies being cut up and altered, and of bits being taken out of them and then put back again. Dentists' dreams, where one dreamer was given something to cause him to dream two dreams at once. The churches' dreams confused everyone, and as sect fought sect for no particular reason the audiences smiled. Emperors' dreams, where they saw themselves as gods amongst men. Rogues' and burglars' dreams, tramps' and harlots' dreams: dreams of death and birth, of hate and lust, of greed and vice: De Quincey's dream, Van Gogh's dream, where he cut off first his ear and then his stomach, caused the audiences to wipe their eyes, for pity overcame them. De Maupassant's own strange dream and the dreams he dreamed about his fellow-men, astounded everyone.

Now the happy peaceful dreams of many people passed along, and when the people saw

these happier dreams merge into tragedies they marvelled at the stoicism and endurance of the dreamers, saying one to another: "If these Adamites had put one tenth of the grit and endurance they put into their dreams into an effort to wake up, they would have completely revolutionized their thinking."

And now the great mass dreaming which preceded the French Revolution was shown in its entirety, scene after scene of greed, jealousy and debauchery that made such mass hating possible. These dreams of class hatred were portrayed upon the screen by countless pictures of rich and poor, prince and peasant. Now Napoleon's long dream passed by from Corsica to St. Helena, and as they watched his painful end they cried out, "Enough, enough. We are tired of the dreams," but the authors had by no means finished, for now came the horrible dreams of individuals who were so sound asleep that nothing seemed to have the slightest effect upon them. Crippen's dreams passed along, followed by the dream of an individual who murdered his brides in baths. As Landru's

fantastic and hideous dreams raced past, the people mopped their brows; it was all beyond their comprehension. But how they pitied the dreamers, how they longed to stand up and cry aloud, "Awake, awake, thou that sleepest." Then the great figure of Jesus passed by again, calling to these poor deluded dreamers as they suffered, "Come unto me all ye that labourr and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Of course He will," shouted the great audiences, "what He taught will wake you up"; but it was no use, for on they slept with very few exceptions.

The Hindoos' idolatrous dreams passed by, of men who dreamed that God is stone or a piece of wood. Now a picture passed by of St. Paul standing on Mars Hill reading this inscription on an altar, "To the unknown God," followed by pictures of Him explaining and teaching the people, and saying, "The unknown God whom ye ignorantly worship I now declare unto you."

Pictures of these people's stubborn refusal to be taught, brought exclamations of amazement from

the eager, watching throngs. "Incredible!" they shouted.

Dreams of the sick, and of the drowning and of those in accidents and fires. And when the pictures of a smallpox epidemic appeared upon the screen, the audiences watched the people's sufferings and marvelled that the Adamites ever endured all they did in these hideous dreams.

Happy, peaceful dreams of family life were shown, which made the people more contented, until a dream of death appeared, wrenching the mother or the father from the home, or fire burnt the dwelling to the ground, or fever thinned the numbers out until only one member of a family remained, or lust deprived a home of its supporter. The audiences hated the Adam dream. They wanted to be gone, but the authors had not quite finished for now came the war of 1914.

The Emperor's mad, ambitious dreams passed by. King Edward's dream that tact was potent beyond all else. Pictures of the German war party, dreaming and dreaming, and drinking to *Der Tag*. The dreams of English boys playing in their fields, and of German boys drilling in

theirs. Lord Roberts' dream. Lloyd George's dream from its start to Downing Street interested everyone. When Lord Grey of Falloden's dream appeared upon the screen the people wondered what was coming next. And when the people's dream of war, war, war passed by, they held their breath with horror at the hideous noises of bursting shells, and gasped in amazement at the huge guns and air-craft, and at scenes in dug-outs and at the dead and wounded as they passed along. People bowed their heads, for each picture seemed more hideous than the last.

Dreams depicting the bad effects of war on women and girls. Dreams showing that war is simply a depraved state of mind, and nothing else. Dreams of lust, cruelty, pillage and torture. German airmen's dreams as they sat out to hurl bombs on London. Dreams of the English with their anti-aircraft guns. Horrible, horrible dreams, no matter who dreamt them.

Now the people of this great, glorious new effort to start from God, and to keep near Him, could stand the pictures of this awful, pitiable, and disgusting failure of the Adamites no longer.

They rose to their feet to a man, yelling for it to stop, but on it went, literally belching forth with the aid of the vitaphone the awful thinking objectified by great guns thundering away at Ypres, and at the Dardanelles and around Hill Sixty. Incredible war pictures were shown, for Mr. Pengelley had worked day and night to produce the war in all its hideousness until the Adamites cried Peace, Peace, but there was no peace. Then without a pause this sub-title appeared upon the screen: "They have healed also the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying Peace, Peace where there is no Peace," followed by sordid pictures of night-clubs, and scenes where men dreamt they were girls, and girls that they were men, odious, revolting dreams. The spectators just pitied the dreamers, and longed for them to wake right up. Dreams of the women in Queen Charlotte's lying-in-hospital, of patients in the London Hospitals now came along. The audiences retched as birth followed birth and operation followed operation. Neither did the producers leave out vivisection. How the vast audiences howled, for anger took hold of them. Everyone

in every cinema made a rush towards the screen, but strong men guarded the platforms. As the people yelled for the pictures to cease, the hideous dreams of mad men and women from Colney Hatch and Bedlam passed by, till this sub-title appeared upon the screen, "The end of such thinking is death." Then followed pictures of a corpse being prepared for burial. The people just gasped as they gazed upon this picture: words failed them. The funeral procession, the service by the grave-side, the coffin being lowered into the ground was explained to them upon the screen thus: "From dust thou art and to dust shalt thou return."

Now at last the great audiences came into their own. They sprang to their feet to a man and shouted, "Down with Adam and his progeny. Let him return from whence he came, he never was man and he never will be. Man is God's image, and God's likeness, and he is never man unless he is."

Multitudes and multitudes of people now began to praise God, and worship Him. Every now and then they shouted, "Out with the Adamites,

down with the dreamers of strange dreams. Down with Adam, wipe him out of mind. Down with the Adamic races for ever and for ever."

Mr. Duveen stood on a great hill surveying this wonderful sight, and he took out his Bible to see exactly what was happening. There he read these words: "Babylon the great is fallen." "That's it," he said, as he closed the precious Book. "Yes, Babylon is fallen. Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city!" Even as he spoke he saw the crowds destroying every single picture: dream after dream vanished in a blaze of fire. The skies all over that great new world were red from the fires that reduced to dust the dreams that had come from dust. And as they worked to destroy these dreams the people sang songs of gratitude to God. Without ever having read the Psalms they sang as King David had sung thousands of years before: "Like as the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee O God."

"Down with the Adamites, dreamers of strange wicked dreams, where God is not, and

never can be!" they shouted, as they destroyed the great guns and implements of war which had been used to make the pictures. Mr. Duveen couldn't help wondering what they were doing, so he opened his Bible to see and there he read these words written in rubies : " They shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks."

Mr. Duveen galloped from cinema to cinema, and Mary Grey's great eyes shone like bright fires with joy and enthusiasm. Presently he came upon Mr. Pengelly, who was standing watching these unprecedented happenings, so he pulled the mare up and read him these words from the Bible : " The accuser of our brethren is cast down which accused them day and night before our God." Even as he read the words the people took up huge stones and cast them at the remnants of the dreams, while Mr. Duveen read aloud to his friend, " Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down and shall be found no more." And the great white mare neighed and nodded with intelligent delight at every word her master uttered.

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Presently a profound calm fell upon the people, and Mr. Duveen wondered exactly what he should say to them, so he opened his Bible for guidance and read these words, "Worship God." "Yes, that is what they must do."

So he galloped Mary Grey to the front of the multitude while the people formed themselves into vast bands and followed him. And as they went they praised God as He never had been praised since these wonderful days we have heard of when "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." "Who is so great a God as our God?" they sang.

"There is none like Him, we are His children and the sheep of His pasture."

"Yes, Babylon the great is fallen. In one hour is Thy judgment come," they sang. On and on they marched, Mr. Duveen leading them through valleys and over mountains and hills and ever as they went they praised and worshipped God, millions and millions of voices singing, "Allelujah, Allelujah, salvation and honour and power unto the Lord our God," for He made all, and "without Him was not anything made that was made."

Now at last everyone seemed completely satisfied and happy.

"We are His sons and His daughters and for His pleasure we are and were created," and as they sang they seemed to see possibilities beyond anything they had ever thought of.

"We are capable of achieving all good," they cried, "nothing good or desirable is beyond our powers of expression." Then with a mighty roar they shouted, "How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard, when wilt thou awake out of thy sleep?" "Wake up, Adam, wake up, wake up!" they cried, until their words became a mighty roar.

Presently they changed their song and Mr. Duveen stood still to see the people of this glorious world stretching out their arms to their fellow-men and women whom they could not see, and as he listened he heard them softly singing the words they had read upon the screen, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Mr. Duveen patted Mary Grey who began to rear and neigh as if to say, "They didn't put that quite rightly," but Mr. Duveen soothed and

comforted her, saying, "Bless them, they know what they mean, they mean all you who are lonely, poor, unsuccessful or ill, or dead, come to where the great Nazarene's thinking was, and if you do that you will find a rest from the sorrows occasioned by remaining where any less glorious thinking has kept you."

Mary Grey nodded her head and Mr. Duveen thought she murmured, "There remaineth a rest, therefore, to the children of God."

Now Mr. Duveen turned Mary Grey round and raced back over hills and dales. Fire flew from the great mare's nostrils as she tore across the plains to the great forest. As they passed through the thick, dark trees their faces shone like the sun. For they could hear the voices of the people singing, "Praise ye the Lord, O my Soul. Praise ye the Lord, Who made us in His image and His likeness. Praise ye the Lord." In and out the dense trees they wandered until they heard the sound of music. Mr. Duveen stopped to listen, for he realized that someone was playing the violin better than he had ever heard it played before. He sat on Mary Grey, just

revelling in music until he could restrain his eagerness no longer, so he pushed on until he reached a clearing in the forest. There by the light of the moon he saw Euphemia and the man and the woman she had befriended sitting on the ground before a blazing log fire, while on the other side of the fire stood the grandest and noblest and most perfect-looking man Mr. Duveen had ever seen. He it was who was playing the violin. Mr. Duveen stood still for a moment, then he opened his Bible at the Book of Isaiah, and read to himself these words, "There shall be no more thence an infant of days," and he closed the Book and joined his friends, and sat and listened far into the night to the music of the spheres. When at length they lay down to rest Mr. Duveen whispered to Euphemia, "It is well with the child?"

"Yes," said Euphemia, "it is well with the child."

CHAPTER XVII

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS"

THE thinking of the inhabitants of Mr. Duveen's great effort had righted itself once more, neither was there any space nor place in Heaven above or in the earth beneath for thinking that was not right. Nevertheless, Mr. Duveen and Euphemia, who had ridden up into the mountains to watch the sunrise, were amazed to see vast armies of people marching in from the East. For a moment Mr. Duveen could think of nothing but the Retreat from Moscow, but he knew it wasn't that. But what could it be?

However, very soon Euphemia caught sight of a horseman galloping up the mountain pass towards them, so they descended to meet him. The horseman told Mr. Duveen that vast armies, vaster than anything that could be imagined,

were entering the world. So numerous were these strangers that no one could number them.

"Who are they?" inquired Mr. Duveen.

"No one can tell," answered the horseman. But just as he said this Euphemia cried out, "But, Henry, if Babylon the Great is fallen, surely these must be the walking, talking dead you spoke of when first we met."

Mr. Duveen's face lit up with joy, but all he said was:

"To think we should have lived to see this great day."

Then they galloped down into the plains to watch the unparalleled scenes of happiness and humility which were taking place everywhere.

Kings, Emperors, Bishops laid down their self-importance in the most wonderful way: they seemed glad to get rid of the quality. "We are His servants," they shouted, "and nothing else. We exist for His pleasure."

Popes, Cardinals, County Councillors, M.P.'s, passed along literally dropping their self-imposed responsibilities as they marched on. Nervous

mothers and distracted fathers skipped for joy when they realized that God was the only parent, and that such a Father must have well, happy and prosperous children.

There were no cripples, no criminals or lunatics, no depressed or paralysed, there were no sick, for there were no sick-thinkers, yet everyone recognized each other. No one looked for a dwarf, or a murderer, or a drug-fiend, or for a libertine. No one thought himself such, and they loved their neighbours as themselves, so no one looked for such qualities in their friends. They found what they looked for, therefore, the scenes of happiness at this great reunion were unprecedented. Everyone was satisfied: there was abundant joy, love, pleasure, health, beauty and intelligent activity for all.

No one was jealous, no one was greedy, no one was unkind. They all rejoiced in one another as God rejoices in every single one of them. Wonderful scenes, showing the humility of man, took place. For instance, a very noble looking man was talking with another, and Mr. Duveen heard him say to his friend, "To think how I

slanged the Adamic races." "You did indeed," said his companion. "When you consider that I held audiences spellbound while they heard me destroy the hideous dream and there leave it! I never gave them anything. I destroyed and destroyed and destroyed, but what did I give them?"

His companion consoled him by reminding him that he had elevated public thought when he pointed out a fact hitherto unnoticed, that when a cat or a dog behaved badly in a drawing-room it was customary to ring for someone else to clean it up instead of doing so oneself. No one could feel he had lived in vain who had put that thought out into the world. Furthermore he added, "You told your audiences that one day it would be recognized that all is thought."

"Well," said the other one, "come what may, we must not look back, for if we do we shall be turned into pillars of shame, for we should have seen through the dream; but, thank God, we do now." So this splendid man ran off like a boy to the village shop to procure pens and paper. Then, when he had thanked God for lending them His intelligence, he began at

once to write about life, instead of hashing and re-hashing up the Dream.

Presently two other men passed by, and one said to the other, "Now I look back on it all, it was a very good thing that Wellington did defeat me at Waterloo: he probably saved me from committing many more crimes, for when I consider my arrogance I am humbled to the ground."

"My dear man, I was just as bad, if not worse, I wanted to rule my nations with a rod of iron. In every house my portrait hung. People worshipped it and it pleased me that they should. I actually limited the movements of these people I dared to call my own. Your arrogance paled in the presence of mine, friend."

Henry the Eighth bowed pleasantly to all his wives, and none of them had a resentful thought towards him. He passed right by, and Mr. Duveen watched to see where he went, and when he saw him disappear into the tin mines to express activity he was glad. Nevertheless he wondered why, and so he opened his Bible to see and there he read, written in the most sparkling

diamonds he had ever seen, these words, " God is no respecter of persons."

Several grand-looking men repented in sackcloth and ashes when they realized what a long time they had wasted just reducing mental truths to matter. " We were so material, that was our trouble," said one.

' Don't worry about lost time, dear friends," said an architectural builder, " for time is infinite, I caught a glimpse of it on the old earth and moved it about somewhat, but now that we all see that fact we shall not allow calendars or public opinion or any other thing to separate us from Truth again. A handsome man went past murmuring, " Inferno, Inferno, well written, magnificently, some said. But it was all dream, and there were no sane parts to that. Yes, it was all dream, and I added to it, but now, with God's help, I shall write the Truth." So on he went praising God for opening his eyes, and as he entered the village shop to buy a fountain-pen his face shone with joy, for he saw he had eternity to write in and infinite intelligence to draw from. Whole fields of

inspiration opened up to him, and he said to the woman who kept the shop, " What a privilege to be able to write Truth for ever, and to feel it's infinite and that we can never use it up!" And the woman smiled and said, " Yes, and now that you have seen that fact you are alive for evermore." " Paradise regained," he murmured to himself.

Nothing can describe the harmony that prevailed. Everyone was happy, and well, and active. Great thinkers sat by the sea-shore thanking God and praising Him for lands, for they knew it was not His wish that man should be cramped for space or limited as in that awful dream now returned to dust.

And God heard their prayers and gave them a thought, and they sailed away and away until this thought objectified itself in a new country. There these true thinkers never stopped praising God and waiting patiently on Him until their lands were planted and their houses built, and stores stocked. Then they praised Him for health, and for rain in due season, and they never stopped praising Him and waiting to see where He was leading them ; then they followed.

These were grand and wonderful days. Never were such books and poems written, or such music discovered from the realms of music. Never were there such beautiful women or such handsome men. Their thoughts daily became nobler and more unselfish and more perfect, consequently their conditions improved, until one day Mr. Duveen said to Euphemia, "Sometimes I wonder if all this material accompaniment is really necessary to express the noble qualities these people are expressing. What do you think, Euphemia?"

"Well, Henry, I have thought about it all a great deal, and I have come to the conclusion that one must not be in too great a hurry. These people have made colossal strides, for when you consider the revolution that has taken place in everyone's thinking for them to be here at all, it is cause for great gratitude. It seems to me that each person must stay here until they see a better world for themselves. We can't see it for them. As thought ascends, they will undoubtedly see a world without bricks or mortar, without sea or soil, without beef or mutton, without ships

or aircraft, a world without light or darkness. A world without money. St. John saw it, and everyone will see it; they must see it in time. Look at the nations, Henry, happy and contented, busy and successful, healthy and beautiful, friendly and kind."

"Verily a League of Nations," said Mr. Duveen.

"Ah!" said Euphemia, "but think where every single nation is starting from."

"Yes," said Mr. Duveen. "They are all starting from God."

Now Mr. and Mrs. Duveen ceased to discuss this great new world and its inhabitants. They talked far into the night about things that no one living knew anything about, and as the sun rose over a world filled with men and women who really loved God, they mounted their horses and rode right out of sight.

Days and days passed and no one saw or heard anything of this splendid couple who had laid down their dreams for their friends. But one day a man and woman who were exploring a very high mountain in a wild and unfrequented part of the world, were astonished to see two horses,

one white and the other black, quietly grazing. The strangers went up to them and patted them. The horses whinnied and neighed with delight, for the man and woman recognized them and called them by their names. Almost immediately Mary Grey ran off and the black horse followed her, and every now and then they stopped to see if the couple were following. When they saw that they were, they ran on until they reached the mountain peak where they stopped and stood guard over something. When the couple had climbed to the summit they saw that this something was a bundle of clothes spread out upon the ground, and looking closer they saw that it was Mr. Duveen's pink coat and his breeches, his top hat and his top boots, while close by, neatly folded up, was Euphemia's little brown outfit.

These two people wondered why Mr. and Mrs. Duveen had left them, and so they looked at Mr. Duveen's Bible which lay open beside his little silver horn, to see if they could form any idea of the reason, from what he had been reading. There they read these words written in sparkling diamonds and emeralds and rubies.

" No longer shall this proverb be used in Israel, saith the Lord, ' The Fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge.' "

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